The New REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

VOLUME XXIX NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 28, 1921 NUMBER 369

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The Week

THE Russian famine was heralded to the world last July, and was then recognized as one of the monumental catastrophes of history. Six months of investigation have shown that at least 10,000,000 people will die but for our help. The American Relief Administration proposes to feed only those children whom it can carry through until spring, with funds already in hand. Why? Obviously because it distrusts the attitude of America; it will not take the risk of over-running a budget based upon money collected two years ago. This distrust on the part of our representatives is delaying the passage of a bill through Congress appropriating $20,000,000, to be doled out in the same parsimonious fashion. What will justify the relief organizations in taking a risk, in throwing over their budgets, in expending in a month what they had appropriated for a year? Only an immediate and overwhelmingly generous response on the part of the American people, which shall be an unmistakable sign that we will not let the children of Russia die. Up to the present time this response has been pitifully inadequate. We have had before us for months the ghastly aggregate of the toll of death, by months, by weeks, by days. We have had in detail pictures of villages from which the inhabitants have fled to die on the plain, of peasants gathered by the riverside, patiently awaiting our help which does not come, of children, with their bloated, tortured bodies, their shrunken limbs, their suffering faces. We have turned away. Undoubtedly one reason has been the belief that the A. R. A. has on hand all the money it needs, or can obtain it by government appropriation. Other reasons are the belief that the Russian people deserted in war the holy cause of the Allies, that they committed the unpardonable economic sin, that their government is a criminal conspiracy. Grant the worst that America has been taught to believe about Russia, and still ask the question: Will you let her children die? In these Christmas days filled with prodigal luxury, we repeat the appeal made again and again through these columns for starving Russia. The New Republic will receive contributions in its own name and transmit them to any agency designated—the A. R. A., the American Friends, or the Russian Red Cross.

AT the time of this writing friends of China have reason to distrust the work of the Conference with respect to its chief remaining subject of deliberation. China has fared badly in the parleys. The Chinese delegation had the hardihood actually to propose for reconsideration the Twenty-one Demands which the Japanese government imposed by ultimatum on China in May, 1915, but they were promptly suppressed and nothing more was heard of their proposal. Yet the Twenty-one Demands constituted a flagrant violation of all four of the

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Root resolutions and one which the United States has never recognized. Until China is released from the agreement she cannot call either her body or her soul her own. For a while it looked as if the negotiations over the Shantung Railway were proceeding prosperously. The Japanese professed to be willing to sell their assumed interest in the road. But what they meant by sale, it was finally divulged, consisted in retaining a mortgage on it for twenty years which vested in them for the period of the bond a large measure of actual control. The Japanese method of negotiation resembles that of the French at Paris. They pretend to make concessions for the sake of agreement, then come back with a slightly revised version of the objectionable proposal.

APPARENTLY the Japanese do not intend to concede any substantial part of their legal and illegal rights and territories in China. This assertion may be too gloomy. If it is, we shall be only too happy later to withdraw it. But we are afraid it is not only gloomy but true. The Japanese probably figure that with the Four Power Treaty signed they occupy a strong position and do not need to yield any of their spoils. They have entered into a permanent association with France, Great Britain and the United States and have accepted in substance the American proposal for the limitation of naval armaments. Their associates in the Concert do not occupy a favorable position from which to press on them any important concessions on the Asiatic mainland. It is highly desirable from the point of view both of the British and the American governments that when the curtain rings down on the present Conference the spectators be found standing up and vigorously applauding a happy ending. If they do not reach an agreement about China, the ending will not be happy and the critics of the American government will stigmatize the Conference as a substantial failure. An agreement, consequently, is more necessary to the American and the British than it is to the Japanese government. According to the laws which determine the outcome of diplomatic negotiations, the American and the British will have to pay for the final agreement—pay by overlooking if not recognizing, many existing encroachments on Chinese national rights.

THERE is not the slightest evidence that the British government will regret this necessity. It has never exhibited a genuine interest in the emancipation of China, and many Englishmen in and out of the Foreign Office will take satisfaction in the loss of popularity among the Chinese which will befall America and Americans as soon as it is clear what a poor fight they have put up against the abuses of foreign intervention in China. This outcome will expose the American government to the charge of having consented to a Far Eastern Concert without taking the precaution to do away with certain causes of future war in the Far East. But Secretary Hughes will have a plausible defence. He considered it of primary importance to get rid first of the atmosphere of suspicion and recrimination among the three largest naval powers which, if undissipated, might enable the agitators to brew a war. There is much to be said for his preference, but its justification lies in the future rather than in the present and depends on the fulfillment of two conditions. One is that he refuse to purchase an understanding with Japan by any bargain which hampers the United States in continuing to work for the emancipation of China. The other is that he and his successors deliberately use the Concert as an agency not of interference in China, but of protection for the Chinese against further exploitation.

FROM the point of view of the Chinese the meaning of the Conference is already written out in exceedingly large and plain letters. Japan and Great Britain will not yield anything of much value to themselves in China except under pressure. That pressure will be exerted at best only to a minor extent by the United States. The worst calamity which could befall China would be that of becoming the occasion and the victim of a war between the United States and Japan. The necessary pressure must come from one source chiefly—that is from the Chinese themselves. They will have to vindicate their national independence by making it impossible for the Japanese to enjoy their spoils in peace and security. They will have to make such nuisances of themselves that a world which craves peace and security will finally recognize the justice of their claims. In what way they can most effectively become a public nuisance is for themselves to decide. They have already invoked the boycott. They may have to extend its use. They may have to adopt other methods of non-cooperation. But whatever question there may be about the form, there remains small doubt about the substance of their future conduct. The Conference is apparently leaving them no alternative but to cultivate the art of being disagreeable. It is a costly, a dangerous and a painful road to travel, but it will not be the first time that a people have had to travel a dangerous and a painful road in order to force other peoples to acknowledge their national being.

A YEAR ago a declaration by Germany of her inability to pay the indemnity charges levied upon her would have been regarded as evidence of bad

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faith by most of our newspaper editors. But little by little these leaders of public opinion are becoming educated. They are now coming to see that a nation can make payments abroad only through loans unless it has a balance of exports over imports, something Germany has not had at any time since the war. Germany met the earlier indemnity instalments through borrowings, either from foreign bankers or foreign speculators in marks. But the lenders have no inclination to throw more money into the indemnity gulf. There is still a lot of loose talk about what Germany might have done if she had levied heavier taxes and cut down her expenses of government. How would fiscal reforms inside of Germany give her a supply of gold exchange so long as she is unable even to cover the value of necessary imports with her exports? There is also talk of compelling Germany to get at the capital of her nationals, abroad. But nobody has offered an intelligent suggestion as to how this is to be done. The Allies can seize more German territory, if they choose, and tax themselves more heavily to support the cost of it. That will not help them to get more money from Germany than is to be had.

THE whole world outside Ireland has greeted the Irish settlement with profound satisfaction, the Lords and Commons accepting the peace treaty by huge majorities. In Ireland itself, however, a different story has to be told. The separatist sentiment has proved to be astonishingly strong in the Dail Eireann, de Valera and his followers insisting that allegiance to the King in any form is a humiliation, and that to ratify would be ignominious and oppressive. This passionate feeling is shared by enough members of the Dail to leave the outcome of the debate in some doubt. The cold facts are all on the side of Collins and Griffith. The evacuation of the British army, as Griffith says, is the consummate act of peace and partnership. But where Collins and Griffith have formed a direct judgment of British intentions, de Valera and his followers have remained separatists with fixed convictions regarding British imperialism. The degree to which the Black and Tans revived this historic mistrust and hatred is the tragedy of de Valera's persistence in that mood.

FROM a dramatic point of view it is a great pity that Mr. W. J. Burns's new exploits in bomb plot detection have been given to the press prematurely. Just think what a sensation would have been produced on the jury that is to pass on Lindenfeld's ten thousand words if the guilt of the Third Internationale of Moscow had been thrown before them without preliminary warning. Not only has that wonderful climax been lost, but a lot of Mr. Burns's corroborative evidence has gone into hiding. Well may Mr. Burns wring his hands and complain that he has been double crossed. Who did the double crossing? Perhaps the Reds of Warsaw, whose plausible reason for seeking publicity is unknown to us; perhaps the Whites, who, might naturally have sought to time the disclosures in such a way as to bear upon the question of amnesty to the I. W. W.. Anyway, Mr. Burns should not despair. If he is unable to prove anything he can cast the blame on the premature disclosures. And he may still be able to prove something. Advance newspaper publicity did not destroy the value of Harry Orchard's confession. Recalling that confession of ten thousand words or more we are moved to wonder that Mr. Burns did not instruct Lindenfeld to be more concise. It is a rare man who can produce a confession of ten thousand words, all of them true.

Europe's Job Next

THE Conference of the Pacific Powers is confounding the prognostications of the pessimists. The menace of war for the mastery of the Pacific, which six months ago was serious enough to evoke words of grave omen from even so brave an optimist as General Smuts, has visibly diminished. Not that all risks have been eliminated, but a precedent has been set for frank consultation among the powers chiefly interested in the Pacific. Every one of them recognizes now that peace is a more vital interest than any other; and there is good ground for believing that this recognition will realize itself increasingly in institutions making for the insurance of peace.

If a Pacific conference could produce such happy results, why should it not be succeeded by an Atlantic conference, or better still, a conference of Europe and America, to abate the risks of war in the region where they remain gravest? Why not revive the League, and make it a reality through the adhesion of the United States and the admission of Germany and Russia? These are questions that are being asked every day by the partisans of Wilson and Wilson's League. They are questions that may be summarily dismissed by that minority who believe that wars are as natural and inevitable as the winter frosts. They cannot be dismissed so lightly by those who face the fact that in an age of invention which remorselessly increases the destructive possibilities of war, either war must cease or civilization as we know it must come to an end. Those who recognize this cannot

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disagree as to purposes. Their differences confine themselves to methods. Can the method which is being applied so successfully to the problems of the Pacific be applied forthwith to those of Europe? And can America take the initiative, or even a substantial part in the discussion of European problems as they present themselves today?

We should be the last to overlook the importance to America of a peaceful settlement of the problems of Europe. We know what the great war cost America. That cost will weigh upon us for a generation at least. If Europe, instead of recovering her balance, falls into anarchy and chronic poverty, the cost to us, culturally and economically, will be incalculable. But admitting this, what can we do about it? At the proper time we can throw our influence on the side of peace and reconciliation. But has that time come? Or must Europe come nearer to a liquidation of her political liabilities before any American initiative toward stabilization can be conducive to permanent peace? The New Republic was unable to discover any promise of a stable peace on the basis laid by the Treaty of Versailles. Ratification of the Treaty and unqualified acceptance of the League Covenant we believed would serve only to postpone the readjustments that must be made if another terrific explosion were to be avoided. Succeeding events have confirmed us in this belief. Under the Treaty new clashes of interest have arisen on every hand. England, Italy and France have been driven apart by the issues created by the Versailles settlement. Are those issues of such a character that they can be settled by American intervention at the present time? We think not.

Let us consider first of all the issue which bears most directly upon the work of the Washington Conference, the conflicting naval ambitions of England and France. Which power shall control the Mediterranean? If England controls it, France can draw upon the military resources of her African empire only with the consent of England. She can use her black legions on European soil only in the execution of policies approved by the British. If France controls the Mediterranean, England will hold her position in Egypt and Syria only by the grace of the French. France can make herself the paramount Moslem power, if she chooses, and as such can make the retention of India by the British difficult if not impossible. Does America wish to take sides in a matter so vital to both powers? Left to themselves, the British and French will be forced to a genuine compromise, because any other course might jeopardize their whole future. Under an agreement forced upon them by American pressure the process of intriguing for superior position would go on until we found ourselves forced to align ourselves definitely with one side or the other.

There is just as sharp an issue between the two powers on the German question. By her geographical position England is destined to be either a great commercial nation serving as an intermediary between the continent of Europe and the ports of all the non-European world, or a self-sufficing island of dwindling importance. The economic revival of Europe east of the Rhine is absolutely essential to England's position as a great power. And any such revival must begin with Germany.

But a Germany economically rehabilitated can not long remain in a condition of military prostration. If the Germans are allowed to build up their industry again, their numbers will steadily increase until it ceases to be physically possible for the diminishing population of France, even with superior military equipment, to hold them down. The economic life of England depends on German recovery. The political security of France depends on German decadence. How can America take sides in such an issue as this?

America is indeed deeply concerned in the general peace of Europe and must eventually play her part in insuring it. In her position as creditor of the Allied nations she has a stake in the settlement that justifies her in claiming a voice. But there can be no definite settlement of the economic issues in which America is directly concerned until Europe herself has settled the political issues that would be potent enough to make any economic settlement illusory. The European powers, England, France and Italy will have to decide for themselves whether they wish to make the Mediterranean a road for peaceful traffic or a pawn in the game of rival imperialisms. They will have to decide for themselves whether they wish to leave Europe east of the Rhine weak and economically profitless, or to take the risks and the advantages that would attend its economic recovery.

There are undoubtedly forces in operation which are inclining the European powers towards a non-imperialistic policy. We have already witnessed a marked improvement in the matter of dealing with Germany. The Germans are still formally bound to make indemnity payments beyond their utmost capacity. They are still in danger of national dismemberment. Nevertheless, now that the default in payments which was long ago foreseen by the French and British governments has actually taken place, the French are not threatening to extend their occupation by seizing the Ruhr. Instead, the inspired press is sounding public opinion on the

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question of revising the indemnity settlement, to make it correspond more closely with the facts, if the facts are that the Allies really wish Germany to pay as much as she can.

What Europe needs first of all is a conference to hasten the process of compromise which alone can save the continent from general bankruptcy and disorder. Such a conference would no doubt be called to discuss economic and financial questions, but it would promptly appear that such discussion would amount to nothing until the major political issues had been cleared away. The rôle of America in the political discussion would necessarily be little more than that of spectator, just as the rôle of France in the Pacific Conference has been mainly that of spectator.

After a workable political compromise has been effected, a compromise which checks the drain that an imperialistic naval competition would entail and which eliminates the disorders produced by indemnities that cannot be paid, America could afford to take an active part in the consolidation of European peace and prosperity. In so far as American claims upon the Allied governments represent a crushing burden upon the Allied peoples, America might properly be expected to entertain proposals for their remission. In the meantime it is just as well that Congress refuses to entertain such proposals. There is no advantage in taking the attitude of a lenient creditor towards nations whose policies, national and international, are carrying them remorselessly toward bankruptcy. Europe will have to try in good faith to put her own house in order if she wishes her difficulties to receive sympathetic attention from the United States.

American Obligations Under the Treaty

IN all probability the ratification of the Four Power Treaty will encounter more opposition in the Senate and in the country than good observers inferred from its first reception. There are no means of knowing at present whether or not the opposition will imperil its final adoption. That will depend upon the attitude of the Democratic Senators. But dissatisfaction with the way in which the administration presented the treaty to the American public will unnecessarily increase the hostility to its provisions. There is not the slightest real reason for believing that the President and his Secretary of State were trying to put something over on their fellow countrymen. Yet they behaved very much as men would who were intending to put something over. Although the treaty itself is an example of a new and better method of diplomatic negotiation which can only work in a medium furnished by a thoroughly informed and confident public opinion, the administration did nothing to create an informed and confident opinion by the way it communicated its plans to the public.

At no time since the Conference was called or assembled did the President or his Secretary of State intimate in advance to the newspapers an intention of pledging the American government to an engagement of this kind. After the news of the proposed treaty began to leak out, the State Department still refrained from publishing an authoritative announcement; and for days its friends and supporters were kept guessing about the nature of the obligation which it proposed to fasten on the American nation. Finally when the terms of the treaty were announced at the open session of the Conference, a want of candor continued to pervade its presentation to the public. Senator Lodge's speech was an ebullition of scholarship in politics which was too literary to assume the dull burden of informing his hearers and readers as to the real meaning of the treaty. Not until some days later did an official statement let out of the bag something which in passing looked like a cat. It then appeared that the treaty guaranteed not only the South Sea, the Sandwich, the Philippine Islands, Formosa and Australia against attack, but Japan. With so much provocation misgivings about the treaty naturally flourished in apprehensive minds. Either the President or the Secretary of State should take some early opportunity of explaining to their fellow countrymen why they negotiated this kind of engagement and what they hope to accomplish by it.

It looks as if they did not originally intend to undertake any such bargain. But as a result of their preliminary conversations with the Japanese and British delegates they awoke to the necessity of some joint formal agreement to keep the peace in the Pacific. Unless they agreed to a guarantee of joint security Japan and Great Britain would not abandon the Anglo-Japanese alliance and the Conference would fail either to limit naval armaments or to open a vista towards appeasement for a wounded, debilitated and suffering world. The question was: how much must the guarantee cover. In our opinion the negotiators devised a happy and a satisfactory answer to this question. By limiting it to the Pacific islands, they left out Hong Kong, Korea and India, which were included in the guarantees of the Anglo-Japanese treaty, but they included Australia and Japan and the Philip-

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pine Islands. This much legal protection was necessary for the creation of any sense of security or feeling of confidence among the peoples who used the Pacific. The abrogation of the Anglo-Japanese alliance would expose Japan to the danger of a combination of the other two naval powers. The proposed naval ratio would permit to Japan only three units of naval power against ten at the disposal of an Anglo-American combination. The Four Power Treaty protects her against this danger. It furnishes the Japanese with a sufficient assurance that the English-speaking peoples do not now propose to use any disagreement with them as a pretext for war. Considering the difference in size and wealth between the United States and Japan, the overwhelming superiority in power of a combination between Great Britain and the United States and the prevailing standards of international conduct, the Japanese were entitled to this assurance.

But the treaty possesses a diplomatic as well as a legal aspect. The signatories to it have entered into a concert which will in practice require them to consult one another before taking any action which could affect one another's interests in the region of the Pacific. The contract does not mention China, but it means China. Now there are many serious objections to any concert of Pacific powers which means to deal with but does not include China. In the long run such a concert will not work unless it does include China and Siberia. But there are also obvious and practical difficulties about including China and Siberia at this moment. They might result in the failure of the Conference and a drift towards war. It seems wiser, consequently, to accept the Concert as a step in a promising direction and then work for its extension rather than reject it in favor of the adoption of an irreconcilable and non-cooperative policy by the American government.

The Concert may, of course, work badly. It may assume a high and mighty attitude of a super-Power. Its behavior in China may not make sufficient allowance for Chinese national peculiarities and the right of the Chinese people to take their time in adjusting themselves to capitalist industrialism. In so far as the American point of view towards China differs from that of Japan, the Concert may embarrass the American government in using the most powerful weapon which it now possesses—the weapon either of bringing about by negotiation the isolation of an insistently imperialist Japan or, if it fails, of resuming its own freedom of action. But if the Concert may work badly in these respects, it will work badly not under irresistible compulsion but because of the ineptitude or the bad faith of American diplomacy. Assuming that the American State Department honestly and intelligently proposes to assist the Chinese nation in recovering Chinese territory and in building up national self-possession, it can achieve this result more effectively by joining than by abjuring the Concert. It can use its presence in the Concert to prevent Japan and Great Britain from interfering officiously and inconsiderately in China during the period of transition; and if finally the other powers should insist on some joint intervention of which the American government as the friend of the Chinese people could not approve, it would be under no obligation to participate in the action. It agrees to consult with its associates. It does not agree, as it would in the case of a traditional alliance, to support its associates no matter whether in its opinion they were right or wrong. The only liabilities assumed by this country are a promise not to make war upon the insular territory of its associates, and a promise to confer with them about any action in the Pacific region which affects the general interests. Every other liability would be a matter of future definition and adjustment.

If there is nothing in the undisclosed "Nine Power Treaty" which prejudices the future deliverance of China, if the gains which accrue to China, no matter how small, are not purchased by a corrupt bargain, then in our opinion the Four Power Treaty will constitute a real and a desirable step towards a general appeasement. If the United States is too good to enter an association which involves no general obligations except those of conference and of keeping the peace, we might just as well confess to social bankruptcy. To many Americans isolation has ceased to be a policy. It has become a mania. Other nations do not exist for them except as permanent possibilities of non-cooperation. They communicate their morbid irreconcilability to many thousands of well-intentioned people who are persuaded both to abhor war and to condemn as morally disreputable every practical method of diminishing the danger of war. The Four Power Treaty is an imperfect and in some minor respects a dubious arrangement. It may not prevent an ultimate conflagration in the western Pacific. But associated as it is with the limitation of capital ships and of naval bases, it builds up an effective, immediate barrier against war without committing the United States to the guaranteeing of doubtful land frontiers or to any egregious offences against national rights. Whether it is the beginning of a general appeasement or whether it will operate negatively and, consequently, unfruitfully, will de-

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pend upon the extent to which it will provide the legal occasion for the formation among the French, Japanese, British and American peoples of a more alert, well-informed and humane public opinion in relation to foreign affairs. It cannot succeed unless it stimulates the growth of these bodies of opinion. It has a fair chance of succeeding chiefly because it promises to release national public opinions from inhibitions which in the past have impaired their vitality and warped their growth.

Politics in the Puritan Capital

THE municipal election in Boston which resulted in the choice of James M. Curley by a plurality of 2,314 over his chief opponent John R. Murphy was an instructive one from several points of view. First, it was a non-partisan election. Some years ago the city abolished the party label in municipal contests. Four of the original candidates in the race were Democrats, and Charles S. Baxter, who claimed all the Republican votes, received only about 4,243 in a total of over 160,000. In the second place, it was an election fought ostensibly on the issue of government for service as represented by Mr. Curley who had been mayor from 1914 to 1918, and John R. Murphy, former fire commissioner. Curley, who is a man of ability and energy, began his term under happy auspices, and with the advice of John Sullivan, the honest and intelligent corporation counsel. Unfortunately, Curley broke away from this influence, and his administration was a disgrace to the city. In 1918, he was defeated by the combined efforts of the "better element" which elected the present incumbent, Andrew J. Peters. Mr. Peters's reform administration has met the invariable fate of such enterprises. Although John R. Murphy, who was picked as his successor, has had a long experience in municipal affairs, although he was endorsed by Governor Cox and nearly all Boston members of the Legislature, although he had the support of churches, financial interests, the Good Government Association, and the "old Irish" (he was brother-in-law of John Boyle O'Reilly) and all the Boston papers except one, he was defeated. The people preferred Curley as in New York they preferred Hylan, and for much the same reasons, as stated by the New Republic in its comment on the New York campaign.

But from a third point of view the election is still more interesting. It is an episode in the great struggle between Daniel H. Coakley on the one hand and the organized financial and legal forces of the city on the other. Some years ago Mr. Coakley was a motorman on the Boston Elevated Street Railroad. He was discharged for cause, and has his notice of dismissal hung in his office along with the diploma from a law school, which he subsequently attended. Coakley is alleged to be the master mind who through the district attorneys' offices controls the administration of justice in Suffolk and adjacent counties. One of the most notorious instances of his influence was the case of a number of moving picture men, among them Roscoe C. ("Fatty") Arbuckle, who were surprised at a party and, it is alleged, blackmailed to the tune of $100,000 by officers of justice. This case figured largely in the successful proceedings brought a short time ago by the Attorney General of the State before the Supreme Court, for the removal of Nathan Tufts, the District Attorney of Norfolk County.

Joseph C. Pelletier, District Attorney of Suffolk County, is also a lieutenant of Coakley. His methods of administering his office brought him into disfavor with the Watch and Ward Society, which under the guidance of Godfrey Cabot sought to secure evidence against Pelletier by planting a spy and a dictaphone in his office. Pelletier struck back, and there was a spectacular trial. In this, as in other matters, Pelletier assumed to represent the case of the plain people against the money power which, under the slogans of uplift and purity, seeks to control them. Some years ago the financial hegemony in Boston passed to New York interests, through their purchase of banks, and leases of railroads. The results of this transfer have not been happy. The local pride of the city has been hurt; and through the brilliant management of the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad by the Morgans, the increase of genteel poverty has become a noticeable phenomenon in Boston. Pelletier has thus been able to capitalize the issue of home rule against the satraps of New York, who, he charges, through the Good Government Association seek to rule the city. Pelletier is, moreover, one of the most prominent Roman Catholic laymen in the United States—the recipient of every sort of distinction from Catholic societies at home and Catholic courts abroad.

As a step in the war against Pelletier, the Suffolk Bar Association brought disbarment proceedings against him. In pursuit of vindication, he enrolled himself as candidate for mayor. Curley is also in the Coakley ring, one of the most effective campaign charges against him being that when mayor he had acted as intermediary in the black-

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mail affair above mentioned. It seemed as if the house of Coakley was divided against itself and must fall; but at the last moment permitting withdrawal an "arbitration" was arranged between Pelletier and Curley, in consequence of which the former withdrew. In addition to the disbarment proceedings against Pelletier his removal from office is sought, and he has in turn indicted Attorney General Allen. Altogether the politics of Boston presents a spectacle as rich in variety of character, in complications of plot, in rapid succession of incident and in heart interest as a moving picture scenario. There drift across the screen the stern Puritans of the Watch and Ward Society with Godfrey Cabot, the alien races in compact order, Irish and French Canadian, the Roman Catholic hierarchy headed by the splendid figure of the Cardinal-Archbishop, the financial satraps, the bench and bar of Massachusetts and that criminal demimonde which lives by the corrupt administration of law. It is a spectacle which no younger city of America can furnish.

The Sin of Birth Control

ARCHBISHOP HAYES of New York has relieved his mind on birth control. It is, he says, a more horrible crime than murder. It is the denial of existence to an immortal soul. It is an unclean abomination, a diabolic thing, heinous, satanic. What if "some little angels in the flesh" are born with congenital syphilis or other taint, "through the moral, mental or physical deformity of parents"? They may appear a blot on civilized society, "hideous, misshapen," to our human eyes, but we must not lose sight of the Christian thought that "under and within such visible malformation there lives an immortal soul to be saved and glorified for all eternity among the blessed in heaven." To prevent the birth of the hideous and misshapen is therefore to interfere with "the creative act of God." It is to deny that "children troop from heaven because God wills it." "Woe to those who degrade, pervert, or do violence to the law of nature as fixed by the eternal decree of God Himself."

The Archbishop is, in a sense, eloquent—so eloquent that he almost persuades us to believe that celibates also are criminals because through them, too, immortal souls are denied existence. But before we permit our indignation to mount against those who refuse to propagate the human family, either within or without marriage, we might as well examine the Archbishop's premise as to "the law of nature as fixed by the eternal decree of God Himself." Those "laws of nature," of which the Archbishop speaks so confidently and with such intimate knowledge, are the last resort of authoritarianism, and it is socially insane to give credence to them or to govern conduct by them or to involve one's religion with them as the Archbishop proposes.

The Lord will provide, says the Archbishop. The Heavenly Father, who cares for the lilies of the field and the birds of the air, will make provision for the children of men. This is convenient fatalism for a churchman, but a brief survey of New York's "hundred neediest cases" tells a story tragically different. There are other laws of nature than those cited by Archbishop Hayes, laws concerning the degradation and disaster that come to families too big for the pay-roll. The greatest heroism in the world will not enable a man to jump forty feet or to support too big a family. To say that "the Lord will provide" is to tell a pretty story.

But behind such stories there is a real policy, the policy of holding men and women inside the Christian church—the Catholic church in particular—by correlating the chances of eternal salvation with a certain course of disciplined sexual behavior. By ruling that it is immoral and unclean to govern the size of one's family, or to live in sexual intimacy without propagating or allowing propagation, the church ensures that men and women under its discipline must automatically enroll an increasing membership for the church or, in case nature fails, must at any rate regulate sex in the name of the religious institution. The sacrament of confession compels the regular Catholic to give an account of his conduct in relation to "the eternal decree of God Himself," and enables the church to hold him tight through this fundamental discipline.

But will it continue to work, as prosperity and education and experiment make men and women feel more autonomous? The probability is that these "eternal decrees" will more and more need to be revised. The church must either work to keep men and women from becoming autonomous —which seems to be Archbishop Hayes's blindly conservative policy—or it will try to retain the autonomous citizen in the interest of religion.

For the sake of religion we hope that the Catholic church will make a place inside its ranks for those who practice and who counsel birth control. Voluntary parenthood is, after all, the highest form of parenthood. It is all very well to talk of idiots, imbeciles, the congenitally blind, the defective and the malformed as "little angels in the flesh"—but in the end this is to enslave men to

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physiological accident and men won't submit to such enslavement once their minds are opened. The Catholic church cannot link its fate with the perpetuation of morons. If it seeks to do this, and to say that the Heavenly Father will provide, it will lose its members automatically with the use of intelligence. And so, unfortunately, religion will once more be sacrificed to the obtuseness of the churchmen.

A Prince of Peace or War

THE visit of the Prince of Wales to India, undertaken after much questioning, was undoubtedly intended by the British Cabinet as a means of conciliation. As the King's speech at Belfast marked a change of policy in Ireland from repression to discussion, so from the Prince was to be expected an announcement which would bring the position of Great Britain in India and of India within the Empire within the bounds of negotiation. The British Cabinet could scarcely have been so lacking in knowledge of the situation in India as to send the Prince with nothing but fair words in his mouth. They made that mistake in the case of the Duke of Connaught. Undoubtedly it was assumed that the personality of the Prince and the general glamor of royalty would make an immediate appeal to the ignorant masses; but it must further have been recognized that if there were no positive results from the royal visit the effect of this appeal would soon be lost or turned against British rule with a violence proportionate to the disappointment. The Prince was either a vessel of reconciliation or an agent of provocation.

On the two questions about which opposition to British rule in India centres the Prince was in a peculiarly favorable position to act as mediator. The first of these is that of the Khilafat, the British subjection of the Moslem world culminating in the partition of Turkey. That this should be the result of a war which India aided the Empire to win is especially galling to the Mussulmans of India. The pledges and the promises which the Indian government made to its subjects, presumably in good faith, are in direct conflict with the policy of the Departments of Foreign Affairs and the Colonies. Mr. Montagu, Secretary for India, is in opposition to Lord Curzon and Mr. Churchill. This is a situation to meet which the power of the Crown has been preserved. The Prince could at least assure himself by personal investigation that Britain is paying in India for the Treaty of Sèvres, and its hostility to Angora.

The second question which has advanced agitation against British rule is that of the Punjab atrocities and the punishment of those responsible for them. In this matter the embarrassment of the British government is equally acute. For the British have created an Ulster in India as in Ireland, an Ulster consisting first of British officials and soldiers who would find residence in India intolerable except on the theory of the divine right of a superior race, and secondly, of those Indians who for reasons of position, business or property, find their interest bound up with British rule. It is this section of the public, like Ulster more loyal than the King himself, to which British governors and generals are in the first instance responsible. As Ulster prepared an armed revolt in order to protect her allegiance, so this Indian Ulster is suspected of provoking the Punjab atrocities in order to render abortive the home rule plans of Mr. Montagu. When General Dyer's massacre was known in England, liberal journals pointed out that since protection of an infinitely small ruling class in the midst of a vast alien population was the first duty of the Indian soldier, he must in the last analysis be ready to meet the alternative which Dyer met with such insane misjudgment at Amritsar. It was impossible to punish Dyer, O'Dwyer and their gang. To the Indian Ulster they had been faithful even unto the death of thousands of men, women, and little children. It was impossible to prevent General Dyer's grateful compatriots from giving him £21,000 in addition to his pension. It was only after every effort had been made and had failed to secure justice upon these miscreants that Gandhi declared that cooperation with such a government was a moral degradation to India and a stain upon the honor of every Indian. To his protest all that the Duke of Connaught could reply was "Forgive and forget." And it is to the Indian Ulster that Lord Reading's pathetically jocular speeches before Anglo-Indian clubs are directed, speeches delivered and received with a sinking of heart which the faithful punctuation of "laughter and applause" cannot conceal. The greatest obstacle to the reconciliation between England and India is the Indian Ulster, and the only voice to which any Ulster will listen is that of the Crown. The Prince of Wales can tell the Indian Ulster, in popular parlance, "where it gets off."

For as the Westminster Gazette just now admitted, it is impossible for Britain to stay in India in opposition to the demand of the united Indian people, and this demand is formulating itself with extreme rapidity. As in Ireland, the British raj seems to be moving always in the rear of popular

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unrest, instead of intercepting it or heading it off by statesmanlike measures. The Amritsar massacre took place in April, 1919. Not until December did the House of Commons consider the matter; and even with the report of the Hunter Commission before it, it failed to do justice. In response to this failure, Gandhi launched the first measures of non-cooperation, to which came the Duke of Connaught's magnanimous but belated reply. The Montagu-Chelmsford grant of legislative councils for India, composed of appointed and elected members, was a step toward home rule; but the first meeting did not take place until 1921, when the Indian National Congress had already become the voice of the Indian people. The Khilafat commission was allowed to go to London to plead the cause of Islam, but meanwhile the British were aiding Greece against Angora, and last October the Khilafat committee replied, threatening to declare independence unless such assistance ceased. The arrest of the Mohammedan leaders, the Ali brothers and Dr. Kitchlew, and their sentence to two years' imprisonment on November 1st, was followed immediately by Gandhi's declaration of the final measures of non-cooperation, refusal of taxes and military service.

The visit of the Prince of Wales was denounced by Gandhi as a further attempt to palliate the Punjab and Amritsar, and the breach of faith with the Mussulmans. He declared that "India will refuse to welcome the representative of a system of which she is sick to death," and whose visit is "an insult added to injury." At the same time he pledged the Non-cooperators anew to their doctrine of non-violence, as a measure for the personal safety of the Prince and for all Europeans. The arrival of the Prince at Bombay was the occasion both of demonstrations of loyalty and of counter demonstrations which resulted in serious rioting, in which the Parsees especially suffered. To this Gandhi's answer is given in terms of humiliation and contrition. He declares that he holds himself personally responsible for the spirit of revolt, laments that he cannot fully control and discipline that spirit, and confesses that in the light of this fact he has come to the conclusion that mass civil disobedience cannot be started at present. In other words he admits a serious check to that revolutionary movement which by its peaceful methods had gained such dignity and prestige in the eyes of the world.

Gandhi accepts responsibility for the outbreak, but that responsibility belongs in far higher degree to the British. After all, their rule must finally rest on the consent of the governed, and if that consent is largely withdrawn in consequence of their acts the burden of proof is upon them. It is for them to define their position in India by negotiation or by the sword. If the Indian Ulster has its way it will be by the sword. Already the government seems determined to press the advantage which it immediately gains from the outbreak of violence. On pretext of the necessity of providing for the safety of the Prince the authorities are arresting nationalist leaders in various cities in advance of his visit, Lajpat Rai in Lahore, Motilal Nehru in Allahabad, and by so doing are at once offering a challenge to the people and depriving them of a leadership that so far has been a restraining influence. The Khilafat Movement has been outlawed. The Indian National Congress with forty years of history behind it has been refused permission to meet. Everywhere the native Indian troops are being replaced by Ghurkars, who are as much alien mercenaries in India as the Swiss in mediaeval France. The presence of the Prince in India offer an occasion for the application of statesmanship, and we repeat our belief that the British Cabinet would not have sent him without planning to take advantage of it. That this intention is rapidly being defeated by the Indian Ulster is beyond doubt. Gandhi has made himself personally responsible for the safety of the Prince, who under this protection could go into the meeting of the Indian National Congress, and hear India herself on the subject of her wrongs. Instead he lurks within the pale of Indian Ulster, enjoying the shameful prodigality of the Gaekwar of Baroda, exchanging toasts with Lord Reading, and uttering public platitudes like the Duke of Connaught while his royal progress becomes a trail of blood. Once more the fair hopes and honest intentions of benevolent imperialism have been defeated by the inevitable conditions of imperial rule.

The New
REPUBLIC
A Journal of Opinion

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AND COPYRIGHT, 1921, IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA BY THE REPUBLIC PUBLISHING COMPANY, INC., 421 WEST TWENTY-FIRST STREET, NEW YORK, N. Y. HERBERT CROLY, PRESIDENT; ROBERT HALLOWELL, TREASURER; DANIEL MEBANE, CIRCULATION MANAGER.

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YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION FIFTY-TWO ISSUES, FIVE DOLLARS IN ADVANCE. SINGLE COPIES FIFTEEN CENTS. CANADIAN SUBSCRIPTION FIVE DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS PER YEAR IN ADVANCE. FOREIGN SUBSCRIPTIONS, FOR COUNTRIES IN THE POSTAL UNION, SIX DOLLARS PER YEAR IN ADVANCE; REMITTANCE TO BE MADE BY INTERNATIONAL POSTAL MONEY ORDER.

ENTERED AS SECOND CLASS MATTER, NOVEMBER 6, 1914, AT THE POST OFFICE AT NEW YORK, N. Y., UNDER THE ACT OF MARCH 3, 1879.

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Agriculture and the Business Revival

FOR nine months now the business prophets have been anxiously scanning the horizon for signs of an industrial revival. But this has been a hard year for prophets, and though they have gone again seven times there has hardly yet arisen a little cloud out of the sea like a man's hand. The farmer stands and scoffs at the optimistic utterances of industrial leaders. He insists that business cannot revive until the farmer's condition is improved and his purchasing power increased.

Thus far the evidence is prima facie upon the side of the farmer. We are entering the winter with only a moderate improvement of industrial activity and employment. Those portions of the country which are engaged in the production of commodities like shoes and clothing and the other necessities of life are enjoying a mild state of industrial activity. All the indices of business conditions point to New England and the north Atlantic coast as the portion of the country which is today least affected by industrial depression.

But the great lake basin which is manufacturing agricultural implements, automobiles, iron and steel, finds business lagging seriously. The metal-working industries generally are idle. They manufacture durable goods like factories and their equipment to be used in further production; or like houses and automobiles to be used for personal comfort and enjoyment.

Farther west in the great agricultural country there is downright gloom. Hardheaded bankers from that region come to New York these days determined to tell the unvarnished truth. They frankly say that they regard much of the optimistic speech-making as so much sentimental drivel. The farmer cannot buy this season. He is busy paying for things which he bought at exorbitant prices and in liquidating loans which he foolishly contracted during 1920 when there seemed to be no limit to the rise of prices for his product. The farmer cannot become an active purchaser of the manufacturers' products until after another harvest. Even then he will not be an active customer unless prices improve.

The agricultural community is irritated by this situation. It seems preposterous to the farmer that the one industry which has kept its production at normal should find itself in the greatest embarrassment. The farmer did not curtail his operations in the spring of 1921. His fields were as fertile and extensive as ever; he owned his equipment, and the supply of labor had been augmented and improved by the employment conditions in the cities, which had sent his sons and his sons-in-law back to the farm. As a result his acreage exceeded that of 1920, and his crops are fully as large as they would be if we were still at the height of prosperity. His reward is a price level of 119 percent for his products, as against 182 in the autumn of 1920 and 240 in the previous year. It seems to him that in following the admonition to "stop talking and go to work" he has succeeded merely in cutting the price of his products in half. The wholesale prices of all other products remain above 150. Two years ago the farmer was slightly above the general price level; today he is thirty points below it.

This situation leads naturally to clamor for political action directed to the improvement of the farmers' prices. The economic motif of the argument is that there can be no business revival until agricultural prices increase. But asserting itself along with the main movement one divines the ominous suggestion that conditions in the West "will soon cause five Democrats to vote where but one voted before." No political party can safely afford to "keep its home fires burning—with corn."

Early in the summer Congress appointed a Joint Commission of Agricultural Inquiry to determine the cause of the unsatisfactory conditions prevailing in American agriculture. President Harding, in his message, finds it "rather shocking . . . that 9,000,000 bales of cotton . . . will actually be worth more to the producer than 13,000,000 bales would have been. Equally shocking . . . that 700,000,000 bushels of wheat will bring more money than a billion bushels." Yet he finds that "these are not exaggerated statements" and concludes that "such a condition is sure to indict the social system which makes it possible."

Anyone who is handy with figures and knows where to find them can easily make out a more striking case for the interdependence of agricultural prices and manufacturing prosperity than the spokesmen of the farming interests have yet made. It is notorious that agricultural prices have fallen more than the prices of manufactured goods. The wholesale price index of the Bureau of Labor indicates that the average value of the farmers' product this year will not be above 120 percent of the 1913 level. His production is at normal. His acreage was as large as it would have been had we been at the flood-tide of prosperity. The total value of his gross product this year will amount, therefore, to about 120 per-

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cent of that of 1913, or almost $12,000,000,000.

The wholesale prices of manufactured articles will average about 170 percent of the 1913 level. But the mills are operating at only about 70 percent of capacity. The total value which they add to the materials which they use will, therefore, be roughly 119 percent of that of 1913. The value created by manufacture this year will also approximate $12,000,000,000. The manufacturer cannot sell unless the consuming public buys. The largest single consuming group, outside manufacturing labor itself, is the agricultural community. When the purchasing power of the agricultural community was reduced because of the fall in prices, the demand for products fell off until industry was running at only 70 percent of normal. In 1919 the value of all agricultural products was shown by the Department of Agriculture as $24,982,000,000. For the same year the Census of Manufacturers has just shown that the value added by manufacturers was $25,500,000,000. A reduction in the value of the farmers' product from $25,000,000,000 in 1919 to $12,000,000,000 in 1921 did not bring about a like reduction in the price of manufactured articles but it did reduce output to the point where the decreased volume of product offset the smaller reduction in price. As a consequence the value of agricultural products and the value created by manufacture remained equal in 1921, as they had been in 1919.

The figures of value for the gross product of agriculture and those for value added by manufacture maintain an uncanny equality throughout the last quarter century. The following table shows these figures for the years for which they are both available:

YEAR	VALUE OF ALL FARM PRODUCTS	VALUE ADDED BY MANUFACTURE
	(in millions of dollars)	
1899	$4,717	$4,831
1904	6,122	6,293
1909	8,558	8,529
1914	9,895	9,878
1919	24,982	25,500

It is a safe prediction that for 1921 these two values will again be approximately equal at a figure not far from $12,000,000,000. It is hardly believable that the correspondence between these two sets of figures prepared by two different government departments entirely independently of each other should coincide by mere accident over a period of more than two decades. This is especially true in view of the wide variation in prices which has occurred during these years. There seems to be much sound sense in the farmer's statement that there is an interdependence between the purchasing power of the agricultural community and the sales of the manufacturer.

But which way does the causation run? If the value added by manufacture is reduced by forces which operate independently of agricultural values, will this not result in a decrease in the price of agricultural products? It is a well known fact that the volume of agricultural production remains relatively uninfluenced by changes in price. If the same volume of product must be sold to people whose purchasing power has decreased, prices must be correspondingly reduced. Evidently the causation may run in either direction. The balance could be reestablished by reducing prices of manufactured products. This would, however, involve a further readjustment of labor costs.

An examination of the course of prices indicates that in the present situation agricultural products led the fall in prices. But there were other factors in the situation which were simultaneously working curtailment of production in manufactured articles. Building operations had become so costly that the whole building industry dropped to a low ebb early in 1920. The buyers' strike brought on a pretty general curtailment of demand. Manufacturing cannot long continue unabated in the face of a reduced demand.

At present the causes which brought industry to its unhappy state are of less moment than the forces which will restore prosperity. What is the likelihood that agricultural prices will revive and lift us out of the slough of depression by increasing the farmers' purchasing power? If the War Finance Corporation advances several hundred million dollars to bankers on loans which were made to enable farmers to hold corn, it may be that the price of that grain will rise next season, especially if the cycle of rainfall brings us a short crop. But what is the prospect for a general increase in the prices of farm products?

Any intelligent discussion of this question leads at once to a consideration of the European situation. A large part of our agricultural products must still be sold upon an international market, and must there come into competition with the output of the European farmer. If the interdependence of agricultural crop values and manufacturing output is valid, it must hold for Europe as well as for America. There is every prospect at present that European manufacturers will be in a serious state of depression during the next six or eight months. Within that period the currencies of Central Europe will begin to right themselves. When this occurs prices must fall, and there will be at least temporary depression in industry. Unless something is done soon about German repara-

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tions, German industry will certainly pass through a period of paralysis early next year. Everywhere the political situation is such that business enterprise will be at a low ebb. Manufacturing activity requires the purchase of raw materials far in advance of the time at which the finished product is sold and delivered. It is usually better to let one's plant lie idle than to undertake the risk incident to such a situation as will prevail in Europe during the next nine months.

There is every prospect, then, for a curtailed output of manufactured goods in Europe for some time to come. But the European farmer, like the American farmer, will plant his fields and raise the largest crop of which he is capable. This will be somewhat below the normal crop of previous years; but except in Russia not greatly so. There, as here, this relatively large volume of agricultural product must be exchanged against the curtailed volume of manufactured output. If these two industrial groups are interdependent, this must inevitably result in low prices for European farm products. Against these low prices the American farmer must compete in the case of all those crops which we export. Unless something can be done to rehabilitate European industry and to revive its manufacture, it will be impossible to reestablish industrial prosperity by raising American agricultural prices.

The present economic order is essentially a cooperative one. Its cooperation is effected through exchange, and between all the exchanging groups there is an intimate degree of interdependence. The American manufacturer and the American farmer depend upon each other. But the American farmer is tied to the European price level by the fact that he produces for export. The European farmer is in turn dependent upon Europe's manufacturing communities. So we can do little for the American farmer unless we help the European manufacturer and his laborers. Whether we like it or not, the organization of industrial society has made us our brother's keeper.

DAVID FRIDAY.

Leavenworth

AN innocent American abroad is often reminded in these lean, unhappy days that this country no longer enjoys the reputation, which in his amiable optimism he has long accepted as apocalyptic truth, of being the world's best hope. He learns with something approaching a shock that it is not only concerning Europe that Europeans are disillusioned. This is the open season for the American tourist, the first since the war, and it is a sad fact that the chief indoor sport of certain sophisticated Europeans is to make fun of him—delicately, and by innuendo, to be sure; but none the less humiliatingly.

Imagine the feelings of an American sojourning in Europe who, in spite of certain misgivings about recent American diplomatic incompetence and betrayal, still feels a warm vein of patriotic feeling throbbing within his kindly bosom, when in weary disgust at the all-to-well authenticated stories of bloody terrorism and inhuman torture of political prisoners in Hungary under Horthy he turns to thoughts of home with some such healing reflection as: "After all, that sort of thing isn't done in America . . ."—imagine his feelings, if you can, when he hears a coolly modulated British voice saying: "But what of Leavenworth? . . . We have heard some *most* unpleasant things." And, as he blushes for lack of a retort courteous, the voice continues, with a rising inflection that is infinitely insolent: "Doubtless exaggerated, of course. The Germans didn't do half the things to British prisoners that we thought they did!"

Of course. . . . But he really doesn't know about it and cannot say.

The other day in Vienna Dr. Friedrich Adler was telling to a visiting American journalist the story of his life and imprisonment. At the end of the interesting recital he remarked: "The last official act of the Emperor before his flight from Vienna was to release me from prison. One good thing to his credit? Hardly; he thought it would appease the people. But your candidate for the presidency,—what is his name? Mr. Debs? He is still in prison, is he not?"

He is. For ten years in a felon's cell at compulsory labor. It is a high price—almost a prohibitive price—to pay for the privilege of speaking the truth in lie-time. In America there was no abdicating emperor who feared the wrath of an aroused people, to release him. There were only laws to put him there. . . . That he remains there is one of the results of the monstrous sophistry that there can be no political prisoners in a democracy and that there is a government of laws and not of men!

And not only Debs. . . . Under the north wall of

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the federal prison at Leavenworth, Kansas, there stands a long wooden shed, open to the weather on both sides. On the top of the thirty-foot wall overlooking the shed is a kind of cement turret from the battlements of which the black muzzle of a machine-gun points down menacingly. In that shed about seventy-five men stand for seven hours a day at long wooden troughs and break limestone rock with small iron hammers. On the backs of their ill-fitting denim jackets, and on the knees of their overalls, black numbers are stenciled, while up and down outside of the shed pace two guards armed with clubs of polished wood or leather. At lunch-time and at the end of the day the rock-breakers, who are often not even permitted to talk while at their absorbing work of making two hundred rocks grow where only one grew before, are lined up and marched either into the dining-room for stew or into their cells for fourteen hours of meditation between the evening and the morning. Their guards may at any time report a man for the most trivial irregularity, whether real or fabricated, with the absolute assurance that the prisoner will be made to feel still more keenly the hurt of his imprisonment by means of the loss of all his writing privileges, by refusal of permission to see his visitors, by confinement in his cell for a week of Sundays,—the one day in which for two hours in the afternoon the population of the Forbidden City may enjoy the freedom of the prison yard,—or by imprisonment in a dungeon for days and nights on a diet of bread and water.

This ridiculous performance has been going on six days in the week, twelve months in the year, for three years. And who are they who have endured all of this and more? They are neither murderers, illicit traffickers, morons, nor thieves. They have never been convicted by any court in the United States of any offence involving "moral turpitude," or of any crime of avarice or vice. They are, most of them, self-controlled, well educated men who have done sustained reading and hard thinking. They have been caged and handed over to the ignorant and cruel agents of the law and the courts for punishment and imprisonment because they believed in, and were admitted members of an organization that believed in, anti-military propaganda in time of peace and, if it should be practically possible, in an effective and simultaneous strike by organized workers in the different countries immediately concerned when war should be declared. These men believed this; they believed it ardently; they believed that only through action of this kind could war be prevented; and their crime was that they were right. They were condemned by the judiciary agents of a supposedly enlightened society because they admitted that they believed it—not because it was proved that they ever acted upon the belief in any illegal way or that they ever did anything individually or collectively to obstruct the conduct of the war. Because they were members, and for years previously had been members of an organization of workingmen, founded in Chicago in 1905 and called the Industrial Workers of the World, they were convicted of the offence of conspiring illicitly and feloniously to obstruct the recruiting and enlistment service of the United States and to cause disloyalty, insubordination and refusal of duty in the military service thereof. They were therefore declared guilty and subject to the devastating penalties prescribed by the Espionage act.

They remain in prison under no other legal indictment or conviction than that of a "felonious conspiracy," and a conspiracy with a dead man* at that, to interfere with the prosecution of the war through the publication in various labor newspapers and magazines of articles designed to promote this purpose. In four-fifths of the cases there is absolutely nothing in any of the evidence introduced to indicate that they ever did attempt to interfere with the prosecution of the war, even so indirectly as to publish criticism or condemnation of it. The allegation of a conspiracy by reason of admitted membership in a labor union is a patent absurdity. If this were a conspiracy then every member of the Quaker Church is guilty of a felonious conspiracy, because that organization and its membership are pledged to oppose war and the fighting of war.

These men were arrested in their places of residence and work, villainously maltreated in jails and houses of detention, finally condemned and sent to the penitentiary, because a ferocious and mendacious newspaper campaign against them had aroused a fear, as ignorant as it was widespread, that they were irresponsible perpetrators of violence. There was also a belief, not without some basis, that their influence and the influence of their organization might provoke among laboring men in the essential industries of coal and iron, shipping, agriculture and lumber, and particularly among laboring men of foreign birth or descent, an unwillingness to submit to the manifold demands made by their employers in the name of the government and during the war by the government itself. Popular hysteria, deliberately stimulated, did the rest.

One of these outcasts, more unfortunate than the

* Frank Little, who died four months before the indictments were drawn or the arrests made.

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rest, Frederick Esmond, an intelligent, highly strung little Englishman, a former student at the University of Manchester and a wanderer, has collapsed under the intolerable strain and is now held in the federal asylum for the insane at Washington. The others live on, in a kind of living death, a picturesque fraternity of the damned,—misunderstood, half-starved physically and spiritually, and periodically thrown into underground dungeons for further "treatment" in starvation and terror. In a word, everything is being done to weaken and destroy their manhood and their intellectual and moral sanity. This policy is carried on at the command of an omnipotent deputy-warden who has acquired, if he did not already have, the furtiveness, the indirection, the cruelty and the anti-social instincts of the underworld in which he has reigned as a kind of political Pluto for twenty years.

Such is the story of Leavenworth, of the shame of Leavenworth—as Leavenworth is the shame of America—which has penetrated to the ears of Europeans already surfeited with their own tales of horror and despair and crime. It is no wonder that they believe it. The coolly impudent Britisher was not mistaken. The "most unpleasant things" heard about the United States are not exaggerated.

And it will go on. The galley-slave philosophers of the rock-pile will continue to break limestone until they either eke out the bitter years or until they are killed or go insane. The deputy-warden will see to it that none of them are paroled because no man may even appear before the parole-board if within three months before the meeting of the board he has been reported for the infraction of rules and reporting a prisoner is a kind of diversion from the monotony of guard-duty, even when it is not ordered from the throne-room. The cruel idiocy will go on unless and until an aroused public opinion, in the name of decency if not of justice, demands the release of all of the prisoners held under the Espionage act and their restoration to their families and to productive industry, by the amnesty, the long overdue amnesty of the President. Their continued imprisonment if not their original conviction, like that of Mr. Debs, is a stain upon the judiciary of the United States and an unanswerable indictment of the American people and their government. Their immediate release should be the unremitting concern not only of every peace society in the United States but also of every American who still has the hardihood to believe in the Invisible Realities which lent so much strength and lustre to the founding of the Republic. Why is not their release demanded? What have we come to?

BRENT DOW ALLINSON.

English Speech and American Masters

I remember watching Conrad dig his hands fiercely into the loose sand, and say, "Ah, if only I could write zee English good, well. But you see, you will see!" . . . There is a foreign inflexion in his speech, never in his prose. . . . And my young literary friends call him Master.—C. Lewis Hind, in Authors and I.

AN anxious problem confronts the lover of the English language these days in the shape of many of our most interesting novels. Can we admit among reputable works of literary art stories so badly written? Can we admit to the company of Fielding and Thackeray, of Hawthorne and Jane Austen, even of Dickens, writers who at every turn offend our ears with speech not English? We are ready enough to take seriously a writer who takes himself as seriously as Mr. Dreiser; we might be a trifle readier if he were a trifle less serious. We recognize, at any rate, the scientific spirit in which he undertakes his studies of Philadelphia finance or the Chicago saloon,—realizing them as American *institutions*. But we have come to expect that great works of fiction should be at least decently written. And it gives us a shock to find the ambitious author of Sister Carrie falling continually into vulgarisms like "equally well as" and "He *saw where* a new play was at the Casino."

Mr. Hergesheimer is one of the authors for whose next story we look with most excitement. We freely acknowledge him as our cleverest entertainer, our most colorful and inventive designer of patterns in the stuff of life. We are forever on the point of yielding ourselves up without reserve to the charm, the wizardry, of his romantic confections. But we are forever being brought up sharp, even in so late a book as Linda Condon, by the evidence that he has not mastered the rudiments of English idiom or of universal rhetoric. Nowhere does a language display its idiosyncrasy more surely than in the use of prepositions; and we find Mr. Hergesheimer groping helplessly among our *withs* and *bys* and *ats* and *tns*. He does not seem aware of the fact that we make the pronoun agree in number with its antecedent ("If she didn't . . . pay the bills every three months when *it* arrived . . ."); that we use different pronouns for persons and things (example below); or of a dozen other facts of grammar which every schoolboy knows. He seems fond of a debonair indeterminateness of grammar, as in the sentence: "The gesture of her hands and lifted eyebrows *were* keenly expressive . . .;" one might ponder long over the subject of the verb. As for what

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I call universal rhetoric, what shall we say to such a change of horses in mid-stream—not to mention anything else—as in the following not untypical sentence? "Lithe actresses in a revealing severity of attire, like spoiled nuns with carmine lips, suffering in ingenuous problems of the passions, agonized in shuddering tones; or else *they* went to concerts to hear young violinists, slender, with intense faces and dramatic hair, play concertos, that irritated Linda with little shivers of delight."

This is not the way the old masters wrote English. Must we think of Mrs. Wharton and Mr. Cabell, as well as Mr. George Moore, as benighted Victorians because they never make these "breaks"? And which shall we feel worse about, the bad grammar or the lame rhetoric? The one betrays unprivileged birth, but the other betrays slovenly thinking. Mr. Hardy was not of privileged birth; and so it came about that the greatest English novelist of his day could occasionally—oh, rarely!—lapse into a vulgar idiom ("There was an uneasiness in recognizing *such*); and could sadly misquote, through colloquial ignorance, an exquisite English poet ("I *sat* her on my pacing steed"). But Mr. Hardy almost invariably says what he means, and what he says invariably makes sense; whereas the irritating thing about many current novelists is that, through defect of rhetoric, they are constantly saying something different from what they mean, if not positively without meaning. It is of course seldom that even Mr. Dreiser makes a bull like this: "He *breakfasted* as poorly as the night before." (If one breakfasts late at night, one surely omits the function altogether on the morning after!) And there is little harm in that, except that it makes us laugh in the wrong place. But much more frequent and fatal are the knots in which Mr. Hergesheimer ties himself up, largely through excessive cleverness. Mere theoretical blunders I pass over, misplaced modifiers and necessary words left out. But what intimate faculty of logic has gone wrong for the production of the following? Referring to women and a certain man—"In reality he could offer them no help; their problems—in a world created more objectively by the hand of man than God—were singular to themselves." I have never been able to make out what, in that sentence, is the matter with God, or how he came there.

The slovenliness is obvious. But what is the matter at bottom is affectation. Half the vulgar errors of Mr. Dreiser come from his pretentiousness, the way he tries to decorate his page with odds and ends suitable, if rightly used, to Indiana oratory of the eighties. It is this which leads him to speak of something as descending upon somebody "without his *let or hindrance,*" confusing, in the interests of fine writing, the opposed meanings of the word *let;* of someone's being "received without *equivocation* as a friend and equal" (meaning without cavil or question); of poisons that *inveigh against* the system (meaning injure); and so on with many another word too tough for his digestion. The affectations of Mr. Hergesheimer are much smarter, and harder to illustrate in small space. It is easy to instance the *utters* and *utterlys* that prove so irritating to a placid reader of the earlier books. It is harder to exemplify, or even define, the more offensive affectations in a book like Linda Condon, though they infect the whole air of certain passages like the smell of cheap perfume at a matinée. Mr. Hergesheimer likes to take on words and tricks of expression which he feels to be subtle or "strong" or recherché,—large vague words, large vague connections of thought (a caricature of Henry James or May Sinclair), which are doubtless supposed, like the flannels and soft collar of his sculptor Playdon, to suit "the largeness of his being and gestures." He imagines he is enlarging the scope of expression in English. What is most offensive of all is the air of nonchalance with which he perpetrates his barbarities, the insolent parade of carelessness. "In spite of her shrinking, of a half articulate appeal, he crushed her against his face. Whatever that [sic] had filled her with hope, she thought, was being torn from her. A sickening aversion over which she had no control made her stark in his arms. The memories of the *painted coarse satiety* of women and the sly hard men for *which* they schemed, the loose discussions (construction?) of calculated advances and sordid surrenders, flooded her with a *loathing for what she passionately needed* to be beautiful."

It must be reluctantly acknowledged that such writing is commoner in American than in English novels. The Swinnertons and the Walpoles are more discreet in their affectations and more nearly immaculate in their rhetoric. Mr. Lawrence is seldom guilty of worse than clumsiness. With these writers the style is almost worthy of the idea and the architectural design to which it is applied. The English of Miss Richardson and Miss Sidgwick is more than adequate to their fine intentions. So that we begin to wonder whether it is not simply our inferior culture that is to blame for the untidy appearance so many of our writers present to the world—is it simply that our Dreisers and our Hergesheimers are not born to the use of English, and that Indiana and Pennsylvania have failed to supply the deficiency?

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Some color is given to this supposition by the one notable exception among the novelists of England to their adequate mastery of English. The most splendid of all their inventors, the boldest and surest of all their masters of technique, is the one who offends most often against the proprieties of English speech; and he is, we cannot forget, no Englishman at all, not even a native of England, but one born to the use of a Slavic tongue, who comes at his acquired English by way of his acquired French. It is true that the linguistic accomplishment of Mr. Conrad is one of the seven wonders of our time; but for all that, and in spite of the opinion of Mr. Hind, one has but to read a few pages in almost any of his novels to learn that he is far from mastering all the niceties of our idiom. There is, for example, our way of expressing possibility in a subordinate clause after a past tense, hard enough for all foreigners: "It occurred to Captain Mitchell that his position *could* (might) become disagreeable." "It did not matter what that man *would* (might) say or do." (Nostromo.) It is indeed amusing to watch out, in Conrad, for words and idioms which are direct transferences from the French: "deception" in the sense of "disillusionment"; "I did my possible" (*J'ai fait mon possible*); "I felt like a chill grip . . ." (*comme*). (Heart of Darkness.)

But here is just the point where the analogy breaks down. Mr. Conrad makes mistakes in English simply from the ignorance of a foreigner. It is not, like Mr. Dreiser, from bad taste, from taking for model the style of Robert G. Ingersoll: "The mystic chords which bind and thrill the heart of the nation . . ." (chords *thrill*, surely, but it is *cords* that bind, as Mr. Dreiser shows us in another passage of similar sentiment: "The mystic cords of affection! How they bind us all.") Mr. Conrad never, like Mr. Hergesheimer, affects the careless style of one putting upon the page unaltered the jottings of his notebook by way of being "impressionistic." Nor do we ever find in Conrad a (psychological?) jargon like this: "The moment, the anxiety, she dreaded was arriving, and it found her no freer of doubt than had the other aspects of her own responses."

Bad taste is indeed as much as bad grammar one of the symptoms of inferior culture. But bad taste is one of those crimes for which you cannot indict a nation; and we have too many honorable exceptions to the prevalence of this sort of bad taste for us to run into hasty generalization; we have, for example, the writing of Miss Cather—from Nebraska—and that of Mr. Dell—from Illinois. So the case reduces itself to one of individuals. But unfortunately the individuals concerned are sometimes persons of account; and the better taste of Miss Cather and Mr. Dell would give us more comfort if we felt certain they were writers of equal force with Mr. Dreiser and Mr. Hergesheimer. That is why our problem is an anxious one. Mr. Hergesheimer, in particular, is likely to cause many a sleepless night to those of us who take the art of fiction seriously. We should like to hail his books as masterpieces; we came near doing so with Java Head and The Three Black Pennies. But how can we hail as American masterpieces works not written in the language of these states.

JOSEPH WARREN BEACH.

Debs and the Builders

Carpenters who cleave the wood
For building houses, what's the good?

If only mathematics dwell
In dwelling-houses, build in hell.

Men of steel for jails and ships,
With froth of madness on your lips,

Build many ships or build a few,
Build enough for such of you

As still are credulous of war,
Though men have conquered men before.

But build a prison, build a cell,
Where captives feed on asphodel!

WITTER BYNNER.

Christmas Eve

On Christmas Eve the brute Creation
Lift up their heads and speak with human voices;
The Ox roars out his song of jubilation
And the Ass rejoices.

They dance for mirth in simple credence
That man from devildom this day was savéd,
That of his froward spirit he has found riddance;
They hymn the Son of David.

Ox and Ass cloistered in stable
Break bounds to-night and see what shall astound you,
A second Fall, a second death of Abel,
Wars renewed around you.

Cabals of great men against small men,
Mobs, murders, informations, the packed jury,
While Ignorance the lubber prince of all men,
Glowers with old-time fury.

Excellent beasts, resign your speaking
Tempted in man's own choleric tongue to name him.
Hoof-and-horn vengeance have no thought of wreaking,
Let your dumb grief shame him.

ROBERT GRAVES.

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Young China and the Old Powers

THERE are two anniversaries which France can never forget. Burned upon her breast are the dates 1870 and 1914—dreadful years of invasion and pillage.

China, too, knows what it is to undergo the loss of territory, and other cruel humiliations, at the hand of the brutal invader. Burned on China's breast are the dates 1842, 1843, 1844, 1851, 1859, 1861, 1895, 1898, 1898, 1898 (three nations participating), 1915, 1919. And 1921 may need to be added.

Unless you remember what the past eighty years have meant to China you may find it hard to understand the spirit with which her delegation entered the Washington Conference, and the tactics they have since pursued. Talk to the Chinese, read their current political writings, and you will find Japan the chief object of their dislike and distrust. But you should also remember that with the possible exception of ourselves there is not a single one of the foreign nations with which China has come in contact in the past which she has not had good reason to fear.

The United States is her friend just now, and has been the best of her friends in general. Yet there was an anti-American boycott in southern China, lasting a year, in 1905. Great Britain fought two cruel and needless wars with China in 1839, and 1857. France joined in the second of these wars in 1858. Russia was for years China's most dreaded foe—so much so that Chinese troops aided Japan in 1904, though the latter country had defeated China ten years earlier. In short, as anyone may discover who will spend a quarter of an hour with an encyclopaedia, China's experience with the great powers has been such as to justify a deep-rooted distrust, the natural background for hatred, of all foreigners. Such a hatred was shown to exist at the time of the Boxer uprising. There is grave danger that the action of the Conference may cause it to flame up again, with serious consequences to the economic ambitions, not only of Japan but of the rest of us, on the continent of Asia.

The historical facts, and the resentment those facts have created among all classes of Chinese (but most of all among the students, educators and others who comprise "Young China") would make China's position in any international conference difficult enough. At present her internal situation makes the task of her delegates doubly hard. That situation is too well known to need more than mention here. China has two governments, both weak, of which only one, the northern, is represented in the Conference (the place left open for a Canton man being unfilled). From the beginning of the Conference fears were expressed that the fall of the Peking régime might come while the delegates were still at work. Over the north looms the figure of General Chang Tso-ling, erstwhile bandit, often charged with accepting Japanese support. On the Yangtse is General Wu Pei-fu, a man of excellent character, but deriving his strength from his military skill and personal popularity. The real power in China today is in the hands of the military "governors" of the provinces, who are too strong to bow before the central government, not strong enough to supersede it. Even Dr. Sun Yat Sen, famous patriot and worthy liberal, finds his Canton government a mere dependency, financially at least, of the provincial government.

When the representatives of such a China as this meet in conference with the Japanese, it is like a man with one dollar playing poker with a millionaire. No matter how intelligently they handle the cards, they must lose in the long run, unless—

Unless they can persuade another millionaire to sit in with them and make the game more even. Since I cannot bear to keep a secret I will say at once that the other millionaire in the case is the United States. The success or failure of the Chinese delegates depends upon the degree to which they are able to persuade Mr. Hughes and his associates to fight their battle for them.

At the end of the fifth week of the Conference, it was impossible to say that China had been successful in this attempt. The first great political result of the Conference, the four-power treaty, was carefully drawn so that China and Chinese questions would be excluded. Perhaps under a misapprehension as to the character of this treaty, the Chinese delegates made a flat request for the right to be included among the signatories, and were flatly refused. Both request and refusal were couched in exceedingly diplomatic terms, but the meaning was clear enough.

However, Mr. Hughes immediately proceeded, at the plenary session of December 10th, to promise a separate nine-power agreement covering the question of China. In such a document all her wrongs might be righted—but not the most ingenuous Pollyanna in Washington has any such expectation. Indeed, very early in the Conference

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the accepted formula even among the Americans came to be, "We must wait a year or two until China has settled down and developed a stable government, before we can do anything for her."

The United States, though not a very good friend of China, has been her only one. Such gestures of friendship as have been offered, have come from American sources. The idea of the Chinese ten points was strongly approved in advance by America; but it is now evident that the points were a tactical mistake. They were so general that Japan could endorse them in principle and still ignore them on any specific point, as she did on Port Arthur and the removal of her troops from Chinese soil.

The Root resolutions seemed to be an expression of American support but unfortunately they also were so vague and general that they might mean anything, and the fourth one in particular seemed specifically to justify the status quo. Let's see, the Chinese might well have asked themselves, ten points and four make fourteen. Didn't someone else enter some conference somewhere with fourteen points, and find them useless?

Day by day, as the Conference proceeded, we have had newspaper headlines recording Chinese victories. Day by day, the gloom of the Chinese delegates and their friends has deepened. This has not been because the Chinese victories have not been real; but because they have been such little victories, when big ones were needed. For those big victories the United States appeared unwilling to fight. There were even days when it seemed as though China's welfare was but a pawn in the game Mr. Hughes was playing for the absurdly over-emphasized 5-5-3 capital ship ratio.

The Chinese delegates have been gloomy; their fellow-countrymen in Washington gloomier, and the Chinese in China gloomiest of all. As regards the second of these groups, part of its sadness is assumed for the moral effect on the delegates; the representatives of Young China who are here as observers reason that if they "holler before they're hurt" they aren't likely to be hurt so much.

The agitation in China was mainly based on the decision to hold "conversations" about Shantung, a subject which the Chinese had refused for two years to discuss with Japan. Cablegrams of protest at once began to pour in upon the delegates; they came from students, business men, chambers of commerce. It was the accumulation of these messages, more than anything else, that broke the morale of the Chinese secretary general, Mr. Tyau, and several of the advisers. In a country where assassination is a familiar and easy method of political argument, no emissary may be blamed if he takes the responsibilities of his mission seriously.

The Chinese who are in Washington are occidentalized to an amazing degree. You see them everywhere—alert, youthful, smiling, wearing gold-bowed spectacles and a look of superhuman intelligence. At least two members of the delegation, Dr. S. Alfred Sze and V. K. Wellington Koo are thoroughly sophisticated in American ways, and Chief Justice Wang Ching-hui, brilliant jurist and student of languages, hardly less so. Dr. Sze receives newspapermen almost daily. He stands at one end of a room, looking bright and young in a black coat, his spectacles polished, his mustache closely clipped. He answers questions in a rapid, accented English, rather hard to follow. His smile is confident, as he turns from one questioner to another. Wellington Koo is somewhat graver, equally courteous, equally a master of English. He bursts out suddenly from time to time in a nervous, mirthful laugh which is irresistible. . . . Yet behind the self-assured manner of both men, and despite the eager friendliness of the American reporters who are all pro-Chinese partisans, you get a feeling that Sze and Koo are in reality hard-pressed, uncertain, like men standing on the side of a mountain of glass, a long way from the top.

How far that impression is justified, it is at the moment of writing too early to say. It was soon evident that Japan, chief offender against China, intended to give up no more than she could help, and to gain a point in compensation as she renounced each cherished sin. Against a firm united front presented by Great Britain and the United States, she could not have held out; but Great Britain has tried to remain friendly with both powers. To compromise, in this case, is to stand with Japan which plays the compromise game. Both Great Britain and Japan seem willing to take the risk of the consequences which would flow from an anti-foreign revolt in China; from a boycott of all foreign goods; or from such a development in non-cooperation as Gandhi has inaugurated in India.

Yet after all, time is on China's side—a fact which makes every sober-minded liberal view with concern the prospect of her bolting from the Conference unless she has to. Though it has no effect in the council halls, there is one real argument for China: she is right. To the extent that the world develops an international moral code—and such conferences as this are useful for that purpose—China is aided. If she does not now succeed in getting her chains removed, at least she has rattled them loudly in the world's ear; everyone now knows they exist.

BRUCE BLIVEN.

Washington.

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CORRESPONDENCE

Two Protests from India

SIR: The article, The Indian Revolution, printed in your issue for July 27, 1921, has been reproduced in the Hindoo newspaper of Madras, and consequently challenges a more critical consideration than if it had been circulated only in America. Kindly allow me to draw attention to two passages which are liable to create misconception.

(1) "The Rowlatt act was passed, which suspended all civil rights and left every Indian at the mercy of star chamber proceedings."

The Rowlatt act, which is properly termed "The Anarchical and Revolutionary Crimes act, 1919," was, undoubtedly, a political mistake, and has been extremely useful as a means for discrediting the government of India. But in estimating its importance as a real grievance, it should be remembered:

(a) that it was passed purely to deal with very exceptional crimes specified in its title,

(b) that it was enacted for a period of three years only,

(c) that it has never in any single case been used, although it has been on the Statute Book now for two out of three years of its intended duration.

The government of India has now announced the intention of introducing legislation to repeal it.

(2) "As a partner in the Empire she (India) is forced to spend £346,000,000 or 63 percent of her entire revenue for an army which she does not want, to carry on wars with Mesopotamia and Afghanistan in which she does not believe."

The statement that the army expenditure is 63 percent of the entire revenue is not correct. The calculation is apparently made by leaving out of account expenditure on Education, Sanitation, Agriculture and other services which are administered by the provincial governments. The correct figures for expenditure on Military Services and Total Expenditure are as follows:

(Calculated at Rs 15 = £ 1.)

	Accounts, 1918-1919.	Revised Estimate, 1919-1920.	Budget Estimate, 1920-1921.
	£	£	£
Military Services	46,830,210	60,091,600	41,519,500
Total Expenditure, Imperial and Provincial	125,999,022	145,591,800	136,422,100
Percentage of expenditure on Military Services to Total Expenditure.....	37%	41%	30%

The total of military expenditure is, it will be noticed, much overstated; but possibly £346,000,000 is a misprint for £146,000,000. At pre-war exchange rates the expenditure budgeted for is just 50 cents in American money per head of population. No doubt the actual expenditure will exceed the estimate, but the fact that the government endeavors to meet its requirements with so small an expenditure shows how unwilling it is to put any unnecessary fiscal burden on the people of India for military defence.

GILBERT SLATER,
Publicity Officer.

Madras, India.

SIR: Your articles are usually from well-informed writers, but in the New Republic of July 27th you have been badly let down by a contributor in an unsigned article called The Indian Revolution. It is not so much what is said as what is left unsaid and plentifully implied that strikes an old resident in India as extremely unfair. I am an American, and my attitude toward Britain's methods of imperialism, and especially her hypocrisy toward Ireland, is not merely one of frigid suspicion but confirmed, gelid conviction that she is both ignorant and grasping. Then when I say that her course in India has been utterly praiseworthy of late it should carry more than passing conviction.

Your writer says nothing of the fact that the "saintly" Gandhi calls the government satanic and devilish and worse, up and down the country, to crowds of illiterate and often fanatical people. Saints have nothing to do with results perhaps, and when riots follow these curious mixed injunctions to be harmless, and violent abuse of foreigners and all their works, Mr. Gandhi should not be blamed, do you think? At Malegaon terrible things have happened, and in Malabar Mr. Gandhi's Khilafat associates have brought down a riot of fanatical Moplas, which has raged for weeks and cost hundreds of Hindoo and a few European lives. Yet daily Mr. Gandhi burns heaps of foreign clothing, and declares it *sinful* to wear it, leaving it to *us* to clothe the poor wretches his work has ruined in Malabar. We hear plentifully of Amritsar; but Mr. Gandhi says nothing of Malegaon and Malabar, where the dead, starving and naked, by his work accomplished, are far more numerous than four Amritsars.

The Rowlatt act has never been used. Why does not your writer say so? Why does he not say that the Indian government has always struggled and is still struggling to get justice for Turkey? It cannot do more than it has done and is doing, for the British government has its own game to play, and other nations have theirs. Your writer (who, by the way, does not know how to spell Mr. Montagu's name) says Mr. Lionel Curtis made the present Reform Scheme. Mr. Curtis was active, and voiced the views of many others, but he certainly did no more than contribute his share, like many others; and it must be remembered that when these proposals were before Parliament in Joint Committee they were very considerably extended, and big Indian majorities (elected, mind you) were created in all Houses. Why does your writer ignore this? He calls the new Councils a "controlled group." This is comical in view of the way in which they have driven the Indian government in every kind of legislation. This month the Assembly refused a grant to Lord Lytton's Indian Student Committee. Could you imagine our American Congress refusing a grant to General Leonard Wood to finish his work in the Philippines? That is exactly the sort of thing this "controlled group" has done! N. C. Kelkar, the late Mr. Tilak's successor as the leader of the Mahrattas, has repented lately in public that he did not go into the Councils—can you imagine him in a "controlled group?"

The Indian military expenditure is naturally large. Means for its reduction are being studied by the Councils, but if Mr. Gandhi goes about raising riots on the Malabar scale (with a mealy-mouthed talk of harmlessness, accompanied by object lessons in destruction and hatred in clothes-burnings) reductions will not be easy. I was in Malabar when the trouble broke out, and I know what I am talking about.

The whole trouble is that Mr. Gandhi has taken in your writer of The Indian Revolution, just as he has taken in Mr. Pearson and many others. His personal austerity and simplicity prevent people from seeing that he is entirely irresponsible. They forget (quoting Mr. Gandhi's chivalrous words about harming nobody) that he also contemplates "mountains of corpses and rivers of blood"—his own words—as early possibilities in India. They forget that Mr. Gandhi may be a Tolstoyan, and yet lend himself to the campaign of the Ali brothers, which is pan-Islamic and pro-Afghanese. I fear your writer and the rest of them will not wake up to realities until we have had further Malabars. The Indian Revolution, when read in Malabar, falls rather flat. It is a pity you have been the vehicle for its travel through America.

FRITZ KUNZ.

Madras, India.

[It was with no intention of suppressing material facts that the New Republic in its article of July 27th did not state that there had been no actual prosecutions under the Rowlatt act. The essential thing is that the act provided automatically for the suspension of civil rights on the decision of the executive authorities, and thus left citizens at the mercy of star chamber proceedings. The provisions of the act were such an insult and offence to the governed that, like the Punjab atrocities, the act has plausibly been ascribed to the provocative tactics of those de-

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voted members of the British raj who wished to discredit in advance the concessions toward self-government represented by the Montagu-Chelmsford act. From the fact that the Rowlatt act was not put into force it might be argued that it was an unnecessary threat, and it is on this ground that the London Nation urges its repeal, as an immediate gesture of conciliation.

The figures as to expenditure in the military establishment diff r from those given by various authorities. As our correspondent's statement is official we accept it with thanks.

What our second correspondent says of the inconvenience which Mr. Gandhi and the Khilafat movement are causing the government is true. That the Mopla rising is partly due to the general unrest excited by the non-cooperative movement is probable enough, but to say that Mr. Gandhi "goes about raising riots" is false. Our correspondent cannot be ignorant of the statements which Mr. Gandhi has made deploring the Malegaon and Malabar disturbances. That the Indian government is in good faith trying to get justice for Turkey is true. This is not the first instance in which England's double position as a European-Christian and an Asiatic-Mohammedan power has been a source of embarrassment, and the Foreign Office and the Indian Office have been on opposite sides, even at war.

Mr. Curtis's share in drawing up the Montagu-Chelmsford constitution may be a subject of question. We are informed on exceptionally good authority that it was very large. In the Councils created under this plan the elected members are in a decided majority over the appointed members, but they are elected on an extremely limited franchise. We called them a "controlled group" with particular reference to the way in which at the first meeting two leading questions were excluded from debate. One was the exclusion of Indians from commissioned offices in the army for which they pay, and the other was the retirement on pension of those responsible for the Punjab atrocities, including General Dyer of Amritsar—pensions paid by the relatives and countrymen of the people who were tortured. We thank our correspondent for the information which he gives in regard to the more independent attitude of the Councils since the date of our article, and especially their consideration of a further reduction in the military budget. His implication that the military establishment exists mainly for the purpose of suppressing internal trouble is interesting. It should be noted that Mr. Gandhi's reported speech in regard to "mountains of corpses and rivers of blood" had reference to the sufferings which the Indians themselves must be prepared to endure with fortitude as the possible price of freedom. THE EDITORS.]

Does the Armament Interest Want Peace?

SIR: Why don't you try to be a little more fair? Those of us who believe in the general principles for which you stand, hate to see you waste a whole lot of your potential influence and power by not always being entirely square with the other fellow and his point of view.

In your issue of November 23rd you turned a flippant comment on bursting one's "girth strap," into a serious criticism of "the armament interest." You said that so far as you could ascertain, since the launching of the Hughes' naval reduction program, "it (the armament interest) is keeping *entirely dumb*." You said: "The few who happen to be living on such profits naturally are not enthusiastic about peace." But that wasn't so surprising. Your whole background and upbringing cried for utterance of some such thrust.

When your issue of November 30th appeared, however, I expected you (I wonder if I really did) to make an equally prominent and striking comment upon Schwab's speech on November 18th, in the course of which he said that he would gladly see the Bethlehem Steel Works sunk to the bottom of the ocean if by so doing the burdens of war could be lifted from mankind. I give the substance of it only, not the exact words. You do refer to "Mr. Gary and Mr. Schwab" on page 6, and in connection with an article entitled Whose Voice is Still for War? But you are still silent upon what seems to me to have been a tremendously significant statement, and you are still uttering the cry of "self-interest."

The sermon to which I listened on the subject The Open Door on the Sunday following Mr. Schwab's utterance made striking use of the incident. Why don't you make a ten-strike some time by giving the devil his due? I know a lot of men and women that would go back to reading you as assiduously as I do—though I too have given it up several times.

ROGER B. HULL.

New York City.

[In the editorial paragraph in question we drew attention to the contrast between the silence of the American armament interest and the reported outcry of the British. We also implied that it would be very unhealthy for the American armament interest to be vocal just now in opposition to disarmament. It would be. Now, we have not the least doubt that Mr. Schwab was perfectly sincere in his declaration that he would gladly see the Bethlehem plant sunk if that would end war. We do not believe that there are many men living who would not sacrifice the whole of their personal fortunes to an end so glorious. But we would remind our correspondent that there are two theories of peace making, one by general disarmament, and the other by arming to insure peace. A man may be perfectly moral and humane, and still, consciously or unconsciously, favor the recipe for peace that corresponds with his interests. A lot of men will choose the other recipe, and Mr. Schwab, to his great credit, places himself in that group. Does that fact refute the general principle that men's views are apt to take at least a tinge of color from their interests?—THE EDITORS.]

The United States and the League

SIR: Ordinarily I am in agreement with the New Republic. "Salvation by Conference" is sound enough until you indict the League of Nations and become proponent for the Harding substitute. It is easy to be wise after the event, much easier than when human passions are at white heat, fed by the hatreds of war. What instrument could you have created under the shadows of the armistice, and how would you have controlled a defeated antagonist?

Those who made the Treaty and operate under the League are the duly qualified revisers of it; not the crew that scuttled the ship. The chief desire of the Wilson traducers was to restore the power of Wall Street, whose submission to the Wilson regime in 1913 was obligatory. That transfer of sovereignty from private interests to the government was the cause of Wilson's defeat in 1920, not the defects of the Treaty.

And the chief reason of the American people in clamoring for disarmament is not freedom from war, but relief from the pain of paying for it. Article X requires the efficacy of signatory promises, backed by the most efficient remedy, the use of potential force. This is the law of Nature, where efficient causes only are forceful; and it is the basis of all effective social arrangements. In every realm of the natural order, might makes right. In all social conclaves power is necessary to enforce peace. The League provides for the result by setting up the efficient method. And Article X is the heart of the League.

The Harding ebullition comes late in the picture. These universal conferences, if democratic, will be unwieldy and expensive; more efficient machinery is now available for adjudication of national grievances. The League is binding on its signatories and is a "going concern" and when it becomes obvious that the Treaty has the defects which belong to all human documents, those who have sacrificed for it can better repair the damage. If Germany and Russia belong in the League, so does the United States. The proponents of the new plan lack the courage to go in.

WILLIAM A. WOOD.

Framingham, Massachusetts.

Should Women Smoke?

SIR: I am sending a clipping from an editorial which says "A Washington store advertises, 'Ladies' and gentlemen's fancy cigarette cases from $3 to $3.50'," and then asks: "What is your opinion of a store which for dollars . . . will pander to such a vice as cigarette smoking in women? What is your opinion of women who will buy costly cigarette cases when millions . . . are starving?"

The answer is: Our opinion is: *just the same* for women as men!

MRS. JOHN L. WILLIAMS.

Alger, Kentucky.

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After the Play

A Bill of Divorcement by Clemence Dane, now at the Times Square Theatre, is not "the greatest play of the year," but it is certainly one of those offering a leading challenge to the higher criticism of the drama. It is first of all a problem play in the old fashioned sense. A situation is created bristling with intellectual and moral implications; and the solution is proposed in answer to a double question, first of verisimilitude, What would the characters do? and second of ethical justification, Is what they do right? It is, in the second place a tight piece of dramatic construction, the action concentrated upon the situation and controlled by the plot. In both respects it offers a contrast to Liliom, which will be thought to dispute most successfully its claim to primacy.

The scene is laid in 1932, and the play represents the mind of that time toward the war. In consequence of war marriages and other social disturbances the English divorce laws have been modified. Margaret Fairfield, whose husband has been pronounced incurably insane from shell-shock eighteen years before, has obtained her divorce and is about to marry Gray Meredith. Margaret's character is definitely established. She is described by her daughter as a nineteenth century woman, one whose chief end in life is to do right, and whose chief means to that end is to do what she is told. She has never loved her husband, but married him at the age of seventeen because he wanted her to and because he was going into the war. She stands between her husband's aunt Hester, who upholds the ancient doctrine "Whom God hath joined," and her daughter Sydney who has heard of the war as an excuse which her elders invariably offer for everything that went awry with their generation, and who proposes for herself a forward-looking marriage with Kit, the rector's son. Into this family, on Christmas Day, comes the news that Hilary Fairfield has escaped from the asylum, and on its heels comes Hilary himself, clear in mind, but broken and aged in body and spirit, pathetically feeble in his effort to assert his lapsed rights, grievously muddled in his attempt to master the world that has slipped from his grasp. Enter two other forces, the Church represented by the rector of the village who, law or no law, will not marry a divorced person, and who hails Hilary's return as an interposition of Providence to prevent such sin; and Science in Dr. Alliot who tells Hilary bluntly that he is dead, and Margaret that she has the right of a living woman to love and give herself and live and bring forth life. The decision is made, however, by Sydney, who sacrifices her own love to stay with her father.

Granting that Sydney could not keep Kit and her father too, which is not quite certain, the solution is dramatically right. It belongs to life as well as to the theatre. Sydney is to her father the woman he desired and married before confusion fell upon him. When he first sees her he calls her Meg. All that he asks of Margaret, the sense of her nearness, the rustle of her dress as she passes, Sydney can give him. And Sydney realizes that she is all that remains to him, the only person who really belongs to him. It is father and daughter, not husband and wife, which is the real and surviving human relation. It is entirely conceivable that, sophisticated little realist that she is, Sydney should have revived the spirit of sacrifice which led her mother to marriage, that she should have felt called to pay with herself the debt which her generation owed to its forerunner, and which presents itself so tragically in the person of her father. Unfortunately Miss Dane does not trust her audience to reach this result by the generous leap of the imagination which by itself would have carried Sydney to it. There is an alternative route provided, winding circuitously and painfully through the play, marked by hints and warnings. In the midst of the hurrying events and recurring crises Sydney discovers that her father had a sister who lost her mind and that insanity is transmissible by heredity; she learns that her boy-lover wants to be a father; she decides that it would be wrong to marry him. Thus another problem is introduced to solve the first, and the effect of it is to attenuate incredibly the human and dramatic force of the play. From the second point of view Sydney's staying with her father is no sacrifice. His recovery and escape from the mad-house are a fortunate coincidence, providing a young girl, whose biological conscience will not allow her to marry, with a release from her dilemma, a career, and the consolation of martyrdom. It is true that Miss Dane handles this secondary motive with a timidity and distrust which mark it an alternative for the timid and distrustful; but such people deserve no consideration at the theatre, and it is the vice of the problem play that it encourages them to demand and expect supporting arguments for a dramatic solution. We have never seen a case where double motives introduce so fatal an ambiguity. At all events the coincidence of insanity and shell-shock emphasizes the substance of the play as an extraordinarily special case, and diminishes its dramatic value as a universal appeal.

The acting, admirable in most respects, reflects the double aspect of the play as a piece of the theatre and of life. First there is Allan Pollock as Hilary Fairfield, a man who in himself has passed through the experience of death in battle, who, overlooked by the stretcher bearers, was wounded again and again as he lay between the lines. No suggestion is made of a personal application, and yet one cannot forget it. When Hilary Fairfield protests against the heartless law-making machine, his country, for which he fought and which desires only to forget him, the drama becomes a human document and a terribly painful one. Confronted by this accusing figure we recognize that he symbolizes that frustrate ghost, the war hero, who has given more than life at our bidding, and who even in 1921 has become to us at best an object of pity, and at worst a scandalous nuisance. As Allan Pollock does more than play a character which he incarnates, so Janet Beecher coincides so perfectly with Margaret Fairfield that it is doubtful whether her impersonation is to be credited to art or life. Katharine Cornell as Sydney has the most complex and difficult rôle to play, carrying, as she must, the burden of the ambiguous solution. With Margaret and Hilary she is convincing and moving. With Hester Fairfield, who represents the older generation, she overplays her part of flippant protest and throws the sympathy of the audience to the persecuted survival. With Kit, her lover, she has a scene of tenderness which prepares us for her renunciation; and then one of theatrically competent rejection in which she drives him away forever. Charles Waldron as Gray Meredith supplies the best reason why Margaret should go with him. In Hester Fairfield, Ada King brings to life Mr. Fontaine Fox's Demon Chaperone, and Mr. Graham as the rector supports the note of burlesque.

Robert Morss Lovett.

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Clarence Day

The Crow's Nest, by Clarence Day, Jr. Illustrations by the author. New York: A. A. Knopf. $2.00.

CLARENCE DAY has a supreme quality among all the critics and essayists in America today—he thinks naturally, writes naturally, draws naturally. For this reason, of course, he is the enemy of his kind. What is the use of erudition and authority if Clarence Day can put all Maeterlinck in an eggshell? What is the use of going to Harvard and learning to be dove-colored if a blackleg like Clarence Day is to run loose? The profession of critic is gone, spurlos versenkt, if this creature is to be permitted to crow from his crow's nest like an ordinary bird living in direct relation with his feelings and his senses. We should rise against him, march to Riverside Drive and force the caitiff to confess that he is a disruptive influence in the pay of the Third Internationale.

Sometimes, I don't know why, he slips from his aware simplicity into a kind of bromidic simple-mindedness that is worthy of popular magazines. It comes, I think, when he feels it his duty to be light, judicious, sound and wise. At such times he writes like a sweet old gentleman leaning over the go-cart and trying to explain the choo-choos to a baby. He is capable of nodding his head and saying, "Ah, well, if we must romanticize something, it had best be the past." And, in another place, "Well, it's all very interesting. Will and Wisdom [capitalized by him] are both mighty leaders. Our times worship Will." He has an idea in this, though not very much of an idea, but the whole thing is in the style of the patient, benevolent teacher. I may whisper, too, that Improving the Lives of the Rich and The Revolt of Capital and The Man Who Knew Gods are also a little labored. Here the wingless critics have nothing to fear from C. D. Jr. The ideas are good enough. It's fairly funny to call Gary "President Albert H. Hairy," but the total effect is one of miscegenation, like a sermon turned sprightly or a library table that converts into a folding bed. If you felt that the author of the sermon (or the library table) couldn't help himself, it would be all right. But Clarence Day could have helped his Revolt of Capital. That essay was sapped from his brain, it did not spring from his spirit.

But when he teases old Fabre, the man who loved insects, and says, "you can see he has insect blood in him, if you look at his photograph,"—here he is really enjoying himself. And, like waiters or undertakers or dentists or kings, he does his work best when he is really enjoying himself. Mark Twain never wrote anything funnier than The Enjoyment of Gloom, the first four pages. But it isn't because Day is funny that this is so good. It is because he becomes all alive, personally incandescent and absorbed and wholly natural, in such a bit of narrative. He is equally natural a few pages later, writing of Conrad. Here he isn't trying to convert criticism into literary vaudeville for the gum-chewers. He is trying to condense all his own love of adventure, and fear of adventure, into a few luminous words. And how real, how secure, is the grip of Clarence Day's experience on our own inside experience which before had perhaps never met such an understanding: "There's one great man now living, however, who has almost too much of this sense: this cosmic adventure emotion. And that man's Joseph Conrad. Perhaps in his youth the sea came upon him too suddenly, or his boyhood sea dreams awed too deeply his then unformed mind. At all events, the men in his stories are like lonely spirits, sailing, spellbound, through the immense forces surrounding the world. 'There they are,' one of them says, as he stands at the rail, 'stars, sun, sea, light, darkness, space, great waters; the formidable Work of the Seven Days, into which man seems to have blundered unbidden. Or else decoyed'. We all have that mood. But Conrad, he's given to brooding." Conrad is a Pole, after all, the kind of Pole that one of Lyman Abbott's ancestresses should have met up with, as Day suggests. Rev. Lyman, by the way, is handled very fairly.

Still, I like Clarence Day best when he takes things more in the wrong spirit. I like him about Kabir, about sex, about The Turmoil. Except that, as he gets weary, he gets wise and helpful. Then he peers into the reader's cradle and burbles, "So it goes, so it goes. And playing some game well *is* needful, to make a man of you. But once in a while you get thinking it's not quite enough."

These appealing homilies come from him when he is low-spirited. They never occur to him when he's writing of people or cockroaches, only when he is bravely trying to put an intellectual spit-ball across the plate, with every eye in the bleachers following him. In dealing with real people he becomes quite absorbed and absorbing, and this is when I like him best. Here his style is truly natural, informal, and to the point. If he is amusing here, it is not because he is afraid he won't hold his audience unless he is original and witty, but because he has really ripened and mellowed in the lovely perceptions and feelings out of which he speaks. Portrait of a Lady is superb, both as a likeness and as a painting. It is romantic, full of color, and true. Grandfather's Three Lives is a little ingenious but it is more to my taste than Strachey, and Story of a Farmer is a very pretty sketch, except for the last line. The last line has a kind of Hippodrome flourish, "His name was George Washington!!!" But the subject is one on which it would be enchanting to read fifty of Clarence Day's pages. And I hope some day he'll tackle Abraham Lincoln, the great American legend, and Alexander Hamilton, the great colonial legend, and Ulysses S. Grant. (What a name, Ulysses, especially for a babe in the cradle. And what a fine piece of old-fashioned human mahogany, or redwood, to be represented by a man who sees things for himself).

That, in the end, is what one means by saying that Clarence Day has so natural a style. He really convinces one that, without any stilts under him, he is able to see for himself. He sees very deeply. He sees more amusingly than our best fabulists. When he stands things on their heads, or reverses some customary viewpoint, I don't think he is seeing things for himself most naturally. He is best, I believe, in the straight portrait. But of course what one enjoys in these portraits, besides the rich play of sympathy, is the bright play of perception. "Whenever a parent feels blue, or is not making good, he immediately declares that his hopes are in his little son anyhow. Then he has a sad, comfortable glow at his own self-effacement." Such observations give one the delightful feeling of the living, unforced play of mind. The drawings add enormously to this result, being perfectly unstudied and personal in pattern. But "unstudied" is a poor word, suggesting that Clearence Day improvises. He does not improvise, he gropes around for a union between subject and spirit. When the subject comes right, then we see the spirit for what it is, in its serene wisdom, its honest simplicity, its even American temper, its gaiety, its beauty.

FRANCIS HACKETT.

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America and the Balance Sheet of Europe

America and the Balance Sheet of Europe, by John F. Bass and Harold G. Moulton. New York: The Ronald Press. $3.00.

DOES anyone really wish to know the truth about the financial and economic conditions of Europe, and the political conditions inseparably bound up with them? Then he should not confine his reading, in the next few weeks, to the financial supplements which the editors of the leading newspapers are having prepared, under instructions to play up every possible factor of optimistic tendency. He should also read this book by Mr. Bass and Professor Moulton, prepared without any instructions except to get as near the truth as possible. Mr. Bass holds an enviable reputation as one of the clearest eyed of American students of European affairs and one of the most candid and courageous exponents of the facts as they are. Professor Moulton is one of the ablest of our younger economists, distinguished particularly for his level-headedness. We had a right to expect from these authors an extremely competent book. And they have fufillled this expectation. I have seen no study of post-war conditions in Europe that approaches this book in its mastery of principle and its effective treatment of the essential facts.

But it is only fair to add a word of warning. This book is easy to read, and full of material everyone would like to have within reach. But the authors are apostates from the great American dogma that the cheerful is to be preferred to the true. When they have reason to believe that things are going very badly, and are bound to go worse, they say it. They even reject the dogma of the healing virtue of time. They point to the fact that time "healed" the disorders of the Mesopotamian empires by obliterating not the disorders but the empires. It healed the distress of the Roman Empire by turning the Roman Forum into a cowpasture. Time may be intending to heal Europe in the same manner, unless the patient insists on a consultation with some other doctor. Indeed, the facts marshalled by the authors raise more than a suspicion that such is time's intention. And everyone who feels that the truth, if cold, is too trying to his constitution had better avoid this book.

We all have had optimistic yearnings for European trade recovery, yearnings that we mistook for opinions. Is trade in fact recovering? No. It has been and still is in an unhealthy condition, in which it is impossible to find exports to balance imports. That holds true not only of Germany, France, Italy and England, but of the neutral countries as well. And if in late months the adverse balances have been shrinking, that is chiefly because it is impossible to make arrangements to pay for imports that are badly needed. The apparent improvement is nothing but proof of economic depression. We have been buoyed up by the hope that the European governments would be able to cut their expenses and increase their revenues to the point of balancing their budgets. Have they done it? No indeed. With the one exception of England, they are all sinking deeper and deeper in debt. French indebtedness has increased more than one hundred percent since the armistice. German indebtedness has been multiplied by how many fold it is unimportant to know, since it has long been far beyond any possibility of ultimate redemption. In 1920 not one single government on the European mainland was able to cover its expenditures by its receipts. Sweden came nearest doing so, with receipts equal to ninety-five percent of expenditures; Poland stood last, with twenty-one percent. The average must have been between fifty and sixty percent. Our authors were not able to present figures for 1921, but we have reason to believe that such figures would show no improvement. Shall we say that the remedy is to spend less or levy heavier taxes? It is not politically possible for most European governments to reduce their expenses materially. They have to pay bread subsidies and unemployment benefits and run their railways and other public industries at a loss, on pain of very grave social disorders. They have to pay interest on their vast and steadily increasing debts. It might be possible to cut military outlays, especially for France and Poland. But the statesmen in control of those nations would not feel safe in doing so. As for increasing taxation, the burden on the Englishman is already three times as heavy as the burden under which we Americans are groaning. The French are near the limit of what the population will tolerate and this is even more true of the Italians. Perhaps the Germans could do better than they are doing, but it would require a stronger government than now is permitted to exist in Germany to make them do so. The bald fact is that there is no remedy in sight for the progressive malady of budgetary deficits.

Nor is there any remedy in sight for the malady of currency depreciation. When a country cannot balance its budget, what possible recourse has it but inflation of one kind or another? It may issue paper money directly or raise loans through the banks. Those are the only practical alternatives. And the one method disturbs currency values about as badly as the other.

It is sometimes urged that however unsound European finance may be, European production makes a better showing. Within limits that is true, no doubt. But the showing is far from satisfactory at best. The industrial machinery is everywhere deteriorating for want of adequate funds for repair and replacements. In this sense every European nation, including England, is running downhill, some of them very rapidly indeed.

But are we not ignoring the German indemnity, that is to restore the finances of France and Belgium and notably improve those of England and Italy? The authors have been at pains to calculate once more the ability of Germany to pay. Their results do not differ materially from those of Keynes. Since the publication of Keynes's estimate, Tardieu has published a calculation which seemed to indicate that German capacity to pay was far greater. But Messrs. Bass and Moulton show that Tardieu had unconsciously juggled his figures. Worked over by minds properly trained in economics, Tardieu's figures produce practically the same results as those of Keynes. The amount of indemnity Germany can pay, and the amount of goods the victors can afford to take in payment, are too small to offer any hope of the rehabilitation of European finance.

Europe is being drawn on steadily toward a terrific financial crisis. That crisis is likely to entail the repudiation of debts by all the nations east of the Rhine. It is not unlikely to entail the virtual bankruptcy of France and Italy. Is it to be supposed that such a crisis would be devoid of political consequences? Certainly not. Messrs. Bass and Moulton look forward with grave concern to the time when the French statesmen will have to admit

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o the taxpayers that all hopes of substantial relief through ndemnity payment are illusory. Will not the statesmen e tempted to distract the popular indignation by propos- ng to seize additional German territory and to complete he work of dismembering the German nation? And will ot such a procedure set loose in Europe forces destructive nough to shatter whatever parts of the European system urvived the World War and the Versailles Treaty?

No one who reads this book can escape the conclusion hat this is no imaginary danger. It is real, and imminent. And if it is to be eliminated it will not be through a o-nothing policy on the part of the governments of Europe and America. It is urgent that the powers join ithout delay in an effort to put European finance and conomics on a sound basis. It is not yet too late, but ime presses. All the governments have to make apparent acrifices. America will have to abate her claims upon er late associates; England will have to remit the debts f her former allies; England, France and Belgium will have to cut their indemnity claims to a reasonable figure; Germany, Poland, Austria, Czecho-Slovakia and Jugo-slavia will have to repudiate vastly the greater part of their domestic obligations, whether in the form of paper money or bonded indebtedness. Nothing less will restore sanity to Europe.

Will America be ready to play her part in putting through so drastic a program as that? Or will she wait for fresh European disasters to postpone indefinitely the restoration of even her own prosperity? We Americans will meet the problem resolutely, when writers like Mr. Bass and Professor Moulton, men who can see the truth and are not afraid to say it, have at last succeeded in break-ing the conspiracy of propagandistic optimism that has beclouded our practical intelligence.

ALVIN JOHNSON.

Fire and Ice

Vigils, by Aline Kilmer. New York: George H. Doran Co. $1.25.

Nets to Catch the Wind, by Elinor Wylie. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. $1.10.

Hymen, by H. D. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $1.50.

IN a brusque and almost fierce little poem, not yet collected in any of his volumes, Robert Frost thus ruminates on passion and the end of the world:

Some say the world will end in fire,
Some say in ice.
From what I've tasted of desire
I hold with those who favor fire.
But if it had to perish twice,
I think I know enough of hate
To know that for destruction ice
Is also great,
And would suffice.

This intensity of expression is felt, if not always recorded, by three women poets, one of whom is just appearing and two re-appearing this season. Theirs is a related power of feeling. They are not the manufacturers of traditional, politely feminine verse; they care about many things too much to write, as so many of their sisters have been doing, the sort of nature-poem that seems designed for a wall calendar or the type of love-lyric that appears to have been concocted in a candy-factory. These three poets respond to their times. But, what is more important, they respond to themselves.

Mrs. Kilmer holds "with those who favor fire." Warmth, a personal as well as a poetic glow, brightens her slender compositions. It is not a leaping passion that showers sparks or burns with the excess of its heat; it is a domesticated flame, a quiet but none the less colorful hearth-fire. And by its light, her interior world is revealed with a quaintly individualized grace. Even—perhaps it would be better to say especially—the poems about her children are sharply characterized; The Touch of Tears, Song Against Children, To a Child Shut in a Bedroom are not at all like what one has received from the imitators of Stevenson and the Eugene Fieldian exploiters of the defenceless young. This, in its poignant brevity, is one of the loveliest of these verses:

TRIBUTE

Deborah and Christopher brought me dandelions,
Kenton brought me buttercups with summer on their breath,
But Michael brought an autumn leaf, like lacy filigree,
A wan leaf, a ghost leaf, beautiful as death.

Death in all loveliness, fragile and exquisite,
Who but he would choose it from all the blossoming land?
Who but he would find it where it hid among the flowers?
Death in all loveliness, he laid it in my hand.

Mrs. Kilmer's more ambitious lines are no less her own. Nor is she without a playful brightness. The flicker of wit often lifts and illuminates what, in the work of a more sentimental lyricist, would be nothing more than a cosy amiability. The light dexterity of Unlearning, the banter of Perversity, the self-satire of Tour de Force, with its reminiscence of Edna St. Vincent Millay, the clean fervor of Things—all these reveal Aline Kilmer as a distinct poetic personality. Eight lines like the following are among the many that prove it:

SHARDS

I can never remake the thing I have destroyed.
I brushed the golden dust from the moth's bright wing,
I called down wind to shatter the cherry-blossoms,
I did a terrible thing.

I feared that the cup might fall, so I flung it from me;
I feared that the bird might fly, so I set it free;
I feared that the dam might break, so I loosed the river:
May its waters cover me.

Mrs. Wiley, who has just flashed across the poetic horizon with a burnished intellectuality, evidently believes that the world will end in ice. Hers is a congealed brilliance. The word she inhabits is never unreal but it is a world of sudden angles and cold corners seen by moonlight. Emotion is not absent here but it is passion frozen at its source; it glitters but it rarely glows. Strangely enough, Blake is obviously Mrs. Wylie's model. But where Blake is innocent or naïf, Mrs. Wylie is carefully, almost ostentatiously simple; where Blake is fired with jagged visions, Mrs. Wylie's order achieves a frigid ecstasy. This, it should be added hastily, is no mean achievement. In an era of confused thought and thickened speech, one can only be grateful for the firm line, the incisive clarity. And, as

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a further addendum, it must be noted that the indebtedness to Blake does not bankrupt this young poet of either her own ideas or diction. Mrs. Wylie's idiom is, for the most part, acerbidly her own. Poems as vivid as Sanctuary, The Church-Bell, A Crowded Trolley Car, A Proud Lady, display a dramatic keenness, an angular originality.

This love of edges sometimes suggests Emily Dickinson. But Emily Dickinson's sharp delicacy was the result of emotion discovered, analyzed and restrained. Mrs. Wylie's firmness is the tight-lipped austerity of emotion too easily controlled. One of her sonnets begins significantly:

Down to the Puritan marrow of my bones
There's something in this richness that I hate.

She loves bare hills, crystal cups, frost-bitten fields, landscapes "drawn in pearly monotones"; her favorite words, one imagines, must be "hard," "cold," "silver," "scornful." She even writes of Beauty:

O she is neither good nor bad,
But innocent and wild!
Enshrine her and she dies, who had
The hard heart of a child.

And it is this tightening of feeling that limits the possibilities presented in such splendid projections as The Tortoise in Eternity, Valentine, and the vigorously epigrammatic The Eagle and the Mole. Mrs. Wylie has made more than an auspicious beginning. But to go farther she must give herself less reservedly; she will have to make more surrenders than are possible to "the hard heart of a child."

H. D. combines and heightens the qualities of both Mrs. Kilmer and Mrs. Wylie. She who was once accused of being a frozen Lesbian, refutes the characterization with the first poem in her new book. In Hymen, more effectively than in Sea Garden, H. D. accomplishes the miracle of fusing warm blood and chill stone. Her marbles palpitate with color; the smallest of her tanagras are flushed with life. More than any of the Imagists, H. D. has the sculptor's way of transfixing a gesture and yet not making it stiff and static; she can capture a movement without seeming to arrest it.

The mood of this new collection is richer as the scope is larger than anything H. D. has attempted. The opening poem, with its grave measures and its flexible rhymes, (a rich answer to those who still insist that the "new" poets have no music) is a marriage ceremony—half ritual, half pageant—crisp in outline, clean in a mounting exaltation. This tensity is maintained through the tiniest of these poems, (the book itself is less than fifty pages) not one of which is careless or undistinguished. Every few lines discover for us a stripped beauty seen from a fresh angle. One can choose haphazard here; one cannot do better than select a picture as shimmering and tender as this song:

You are as gold
as the half-ripe grain
that merges to gold again,
as white as the white rain
that beats through
the half-opened flowers
of the great flower tufts
thick on the black limbs
of an Illyrian apple bough.
Can honey distill such fragrance
as your bright hair—
for your face is as fair as rain,
yet as rain that lies clear
on white honey-comb
lends radiance to the white wax,
so your hair on your brow
casts light for a shadow.

It is poems like this fragment which have led her criti to rate H. D. as the only true Imagist. And it is in suc moments that she escapes not only the borders of Imagis but the technical boundaries of art.

LOUIS UNTERMEYER.

Selected Current Books

Toward the Understanding of Jesus, by Vladimir G Simkhovitch. Macmillan. $1.75.

"Problems of history are problems of understanding." Jesus, The Fall of Rome, and "Hay and History" are the three topics in this book.

The Spirit of the Common Law, by Roscoe Pound. Marshall Jones. $2.50.

The Harvard Professor of Jurisprudence presents eight lectures on the common law.

The Secret Way, by Zona Gale. Macmillan. $1.50.

A book of verse.

Essays in Freedom and Rebellion, by Henry W. Nevinson. Yale Press. $2.00.

Twenty-eight of Mr. Nevinson's admirable essays.

The Friendly Arctic, by Vilhjalmur Stefansson. Macmillan. $6.00.

Five years in Polar regions, with many illustrations.

Fairy Tales and Stories, by Hans Christian Andersen. Macmillan. $2.00.

New edition edited by Signe Toksvig, illustrated by Eric Pape and prefaced by Francis Hackett.

My Diaries, by Wilfrid Scawen Blunt. Two volumes. Knopf. $12.00.

With foreword by Lady Gregory.

The Russian Revolution, **by William Z. Foster. Trade Union. 50 cents.**

This book is the result of a fourteen weeks' stay in Soviet Russia in 1921. Mr. Foster has great hope of the eventual success of the Soviet Republic.

Contributors

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LOUIS UNTERMEYER is the author of Challenge and Including Horace and editor of Modern American Poetry and Modern British Poetry. He is a contributor to the Yale Review, the New York Evening Post and other periodicals.

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